

SPACE-CITY! 25¢

VOLUME III, NUMBER 36

HOUSTON, TEXAS FEB. 17-23, 1972

35 cents outatown



Inside:

The New American Movement p. 3

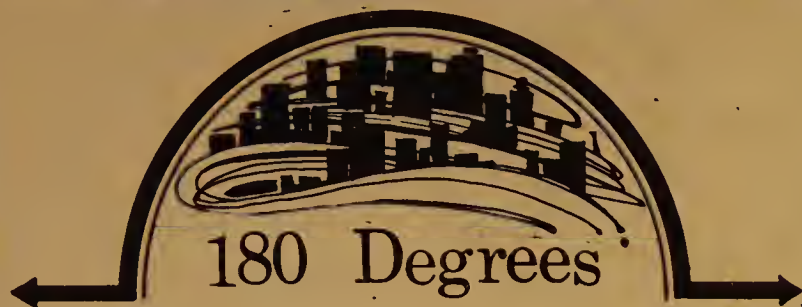
An analysis of a new attempt at organizing a national, broad-based radical movement. . .

Living Off The Land p. 4

A guide to roughing it in the Texas wilderness, particularly Big Bend National Park. . .

The Last Picture Show p.8

"If everyone going to see *A Clockwork Orange* would see *The Last Picture Show* instead, the world would be a better place in which to live."



by Victoria Smith

LEE OTIS TO ASK FOR EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY

We heard the other day, via the media grapevine, that former SNCC leader Lee Otis Johnson, now serving 30 years for giving a marijuana cigaret to an undercover agent, plans to ask Gov. Preston Smith for executive clemency in his case.

KPFT radio newsman and sometimes Space City! reporter Charles "Scoop" Sweeney checked it out with William Walsh, head of a team of attorneys for Johnson who recently won a federal court decision stating that Johnson had not received a fair trial in 1968.

It's true, and the decision to go to Smith was Johnson's, Walsh told Sweeney. Executive clemency requires a prisoner to channel his appeal through the parole board, and it is then passed on to the governor. Walsh said that the governor does have the power to grant clemency, if he chooses to exercise it.

If this attempt fails after 30 days, Johnson's attorneys plan to seek a bail hearing. Johnson could remain in jail for several years, although U.S. District Judge Carl O. Bue declared last month that the man had been unfairly tried. District Attorney Carl Vance, who personally tried Johnson's extraordinary case, announced last week that he would appeal Bue's decision. Unless Johnson can be granted clemency or a reasonable bond, he will stay in prison throughout the lengthy appeal process.

The Lee Otis Johnson case has the potential (sad to say) of providing political fuel for any politician nerve enough to discuss the issue in his or her 1972 election campaign. (The case even received a mention on the CBS evening news last week). For better or worse, however, Texas politicians (like our blunderful Gov. Smith) tend to be so utterly obtuse, while many of the "with it" liberals tread so softly you can't even hear them, that Johnson's case may well not figure at all into the spring and fall political campaigns. Certainly not into Vance's; he's running unopposed, and they won't let us vote "no."

INDUSTRY AND THE EPA

To the lay environmentalist, (which many of us ordinary folk are) the reluctance — or downright refusal — of many industries to clean up after themselves seems something of an enigma. Oh, of course, we all know there's a big conspiracy afoot, backed by a philosophy peculiar to industrial types, which decrees, Gather ye profits as ye may, and don't let the people get in the way. But, really, one thinks in moments of foolish naivete they have to live with this ecological mess just like the rest of us.

It is still an unending source of amazement to me when I seriously contemplate industry's attitude to the air and water pollution problem: businesses will seldom initiate anything more than skimpy abatement procedures; they will comply with governmental regulations on pollution control unwillingly and only insofar as it is necessary to avoid prosecution; they will see the problem primarily in terms of how much industrial pollution the environment can accommodate.

Such tacit policies appear senseless in view of the growing crisis of planetary decay. But these policies make excellent sense within the not-so-narrow confines of American business and economic growth.

Because of the expert testimony from Ship Channel industrialists and some state and local officials, the recent public hearings conducted in Baytown by the Texas Water Quality Board (TWQB) on a new regulation set by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) ended in plans for another meeting between the EPA and the TWOB.

The apparent intent of the hearings was to discuss ways in which certain Channel industries could meet new pollution limits, which, in this case, would reduce the biochemical oxygen demand (BOD) load on the channel from the current 100,000 pounds daily to 35,000 pounds. This would mean that sewage disposal plants along the Ship Channel would have to cut down drastically on the amount of effluent they pour into Channel waters. As it now stands, there is so little oxygen in the Channel and in Galveston Bay that pollution-destroying bacteria and other living things (like fish; remember fish?) are having a pretty rough time of it.

Representatives from major Ship Channel industries and their attorneys appeared at the hearings to point out that the EPA regulations, set up last year at a federal conference in Houston, were unworkable, unnecessarily strict and far too costly.

Mayor Louie Welch told the water board that the plan was "totally impossible" for the city of Houston (which, incidentally, contributes a tremendous amount to the total BOD effluent going into the Channel) and that it would hinder future economic growth. Never, Welch said, could the city meet the EPA deadline of Dec. 31, 1974. (Welch's statements were attacked by various citizens at the hearings and by Harris County Pollution Control Director Walter Quebedeaux, who probably knows more about pollution than 10 Hugh Yantis's and at least 100 Mayor Welch's. But, alas, Quebedeaux's powers are essentially limited to advice, which is not always well taken.)

Yantis himself, as executive director of the TWOB, has joined the Channel industrialists in their scepticism of the EPA rule. (Yantis is rather unpopular among environmentalists, and has contributed to the water board's well-deserved image as an extremely ineffective agency for dealing with water pollution.)

But some of the finest testimony came from Hugh M. Patterson, attorney and lobbyist for the Texas Chemical Council, who said in a statement read by a representative: "Industrial zoning as proposed by this regulation is not wanted by the people of Houston." Just in case you didn't know what you didn't want. As a lobbyist, Patterson has experienced much success in the never-ending battle against stringent anti-pollution legislation in Austin.

So the federal and state pollution authorities will battle it out once again.

I am inclined to agree with the industrialists, that the limitations on BOD effluent discharges

are impractical. In fact, pollution control of any sort is, for many firms, impractical. It hinders economic growth. It's expensive and threatens to cut into profits. Of course, businesses can pass the bill on to consumers, but that's somewhat unsettling to the economic balance of things. Besides, it's bad for the image, such as it is.

Oh, there's always that legendary "long-run" and the ecological doomsday prophecies spread by misguided Cassandras who simply don't know what it's like to operate a big-time rubber plant or paper company.

No, American industry and environmental well-being just don't mix. It may be that one or the other has to go. Governmental agencies in a few states and municipalities have begun to achieve some degree of pollution control. In Texas, we have almost the opposite situation.

If you're interested in a compromise solution, however, in regards to this particular controversy or to any pollution issue, you might sit down at your typewriter and fire off a series of letters. Write to the industries you consider guilty of polluting air and water. Write to Yantis, Welch, Houston public works director E.B. Cape. Write to Quebedeaux (but be gentle, he's trying). You might drop a line to Patterson (at the Houston Chamber of Commerce, of which he is president) to let him know that he may not be fully aware of what the "people of Houston" really want. Of course, write your Congressman and your elected state representatives. You can "get involved" with groups like Help Eliminate Pollution, Inc., a Houston environmentalist group. You can even help with pollution control lobbying by contacting the Friends of the Earth in Austin.

These suggestions represent only a fraction of what you can do to help combat industrial and municipal pollution through the "legitimate channels." You may come to feel that you're getting nowhere fast, but it's bound to be an educational experience of some sort.

There are, of course, more dramatic and flashy methods of confronting big polluters, the specifics of which I would prefer to leave to the fecund imaginations of our more adventurous readers.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE . . .

The film adaptation of the story of the famous trial of anarchists Nicola Sacco and Bartholomeo Vanzetti, which has been showing at the Windsor Theater, is a fine representation of persecution and repression in America of the 1920's.

Early promotion for the film pointed out, in rather surprisingly militant terms, how political persecution in America didn't die with Sacco and Vanzetti, why every young person should see this film and so forth.

Early in the film's run, John Henderson, a worker for the local Angela Davis Defense Committee, went to the Windsor to solicit funds from the theater patrons for Angela's defense.

Henderson was summarily ordered off the property by a Windsor management representative, who told him such soliciting is illegal. As Henderson was leaving, the management representative followed him to the parking lot and reiterated his order.

Need we say more?

(See John Goodwin's review of *Sacco and Vanzetti*, page 13).

WHEREFORE REJOICE!

We don't have a phone yet, but the good people of WHO CARES?!, 2301 Lou Ellen, have agreed to receive our news and miscellaneous calls at 688-2265 and 66. WHO CARES?! serves the Waltrip High School, Oak Forest and N.W. Houston areas with drug counseling and switch-board help. For business calls, use our answering service at 529-3727.



Collective: Noelle Kanady, Karen Northcott, Victoria Smith, Ernie Shawver.

Advertising: J. Russell Noland, Tino Ocheltree, Randy Chapman.
Office Manager: Bryan Baker.
Circulation: Mad Turtle.
Business Manager: McElrath.
News: Victoria Smith, Karen Northcott.
Features: Victoria Smith.

Production: Noelle Kanady, Ernie Shawver.

Art: Bill Narum, Kerry Fitzgerald, Melinda Chapman, Dennis Kling.

Staff: Bryan Baker, Pearl Chason, Vicki Gladson, Eddy Reed, Trey Wilson, Gary Chason, Tom Hylden, John Goodwin, Alex Stirn, John Lomax, Jerry Sebesta, McElrath, Ron Young, John Carroll, Sherwood Bishop, Zingi, Bobby Eakin, Jane Stris, Joel Tammarillo, Susan Montgomery, J. William More, Bill Dennig, Richard Hoover, Henry Fernandez, Thorne Dreyer.

Space City! is owned and operated by the Lyman Padde Educational Project Inc., a non-profit corporation. It is published weekly on Thursdays, at 1217 Wichita, Houston, TX 77004.

Space City! is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), and subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS), Alternative Features Service (AFS), Dispatch News Service International (DNSI) and Pacific News Service.

Subscription rates are \$7.50 a year (\$5 for GIs), \$4 for 6 months, free to prisoners. Advertising rates upon request. Cost per copy: 25 cents; 25 cents out of town.

CONTENTS

180 Degrees	2
New American Movement	3
Busted at U of H	4
Living Off The Land	4
News Of The World	5
Platter Chatter	6
Brecht's 3—Ring Circus	7
Movies	8—14
Last Picture Show	
Sacco & Vanzetti	
Been Down So Long . . .	
Special Space-In/Unclassified	
Center Pullout Section	
Musical Events in Houston	15
Dr. John, The Night Tripper	
Goose Creek Symphony	
Letters	19
American Ballet	20

BOSTON AFTER DARK/LNS



The New American Movement

by J. William More

America is run by a small group of people whose economic power gives them political power. These people control all the basic decisions that affect the lives of most Americans, and through an elaborate system of military and economic arrangements, control the destinies of most people in the world. That control is exercised not for the benefit of the majority, but in order to increase the wealth and power of that small minority. We believe that power must be redistributed to all the people so that they can control their own lives. In practical terms, this means putting most questions directly to the people. It means ending a phony electoral system in which one gets to choose between personalities who agree on the basic questions.

It means ending the advertising industry's job of creating needs in people for products that they would otherwise never buy. It means ending the manipulative techniques employed in the media to "engineer consent-manage elections." It means democratization of the economy, from the local level on up, and abolition of the power of corporation. In short, we are for a totally democratic socialism.

These opening lines set the tone for the political philosophy of an embryo radical organization called The New American Movement. The initial paper was drawn last year by some members of the now defunct Seattle Liberation Front as the theme around which to organize a new national group. The original statement was passed around the country, revisions were made, and then regional travelers were sent out to interest people in the new concept.

The philosophy sounds reminiscent of the Port Huron Statement which Tom Hayden and others drew up to express the political philosophy of SDS, so many years ago. Infact, many of the people who started NAM had been in SDS and had been looking to build a new national movement since it collapsed. Obviously, NAM is for change: a change to socialism, but unlike, SDS it is not campus oriented. It is, at least right now, made up primarily of people over 20 and has a broader scope than SDS. The following are some excerpts from that original document:

The process of making a social revolution is not like a coup d'etat; it is not just a question of seizing power out of the hands of the exploiters and putting power into the hands of the people. It is also a question of building institutions in the economic and political arena in which people are already exercising power or have some idea of how to do so. Our strategy is to begin this task by a series of struggles in which the people begin to force changes in the economy and the political order that serve their needs and in which they exercise some power.

.... we will seek to build institutions that formalize a transfer of power from the rulers to the people ... we will build temporary institutions as well that prepare people to the decisions that affect their lives.

Our programs will be adopted in accord with one simple criterion; we ask ourselves what changes are necessary in the American social system to allow people in this country and around the world to achieve for themselves a life of dignity, self-realization, self-determination and adequate material goods. We must realize that America is not a homogeneous society; what people need depends a

great deal on their economic class, their sex, and their race.

The statement goes on to speak about confronting the issues of racism, women's rights, support of the working class and the Indochina war. This is what all movements talk about, but there is considerable stress here placed on the idea that a broad base of people must be touched by this movement, with emphasis on making people understand how the issues effect them and how they are related. For instance, the war:

.... the anti-war movement has been curiously inadequate in showing how the war relates to the rest of the capitalist system. This is in part due to the reason that it has refused to link the anti-war struggle to the general struggle to build socialism.

NAM recommends such tactics as demonstrations, civil disobedience, boycotts, strikes and electoral activity. There is much stress placed on local activity with national coordination, that is, the national organization offering support to local movements, to certain degree, coordinating issues.

The first national NAM conference was held in Davenport, Iowa, over Thanksgiving, with some 400 people attending from 60 cities. They represented about 30 chapters already formed and a number of chapters in formative stages. Two weeks ago in Austin, a meeting was conducted by a number of Austin people who had been to the Davenport conference. The purpose of the Austin meeting was to inform Texans of NAM and to present a report on the national conference. In general, the people from Austin were enthusiastic about NAM; some old SDS members said it was the best conference they had ever attended.

Most of the discussions took place in various workshops, in which strategies were described for different issues: the economy, the war and imperialism, anti-corporate organizing and occupational health and safety. According to reports, the discussions were specific with the central question always being, what is practical? The workshop on the economy, for instance, produced a lengthy report on what to do and how to do it: supporting strikes, particularly "wildcat" strikes; attempting to get workers involved in conducting educational campaigns to spread the word about working people's situations; fighting for equal pay for women to link the women's struggle to overall economic problems; attempting to organize people to fight oligopoly pricing power, zeroing in on prices that cut most directly into family budgets, such as utility rates. Other issues were discussed, like demands for lower taxes, increased social services and child care.

The Austin participants commented that it was a hard working convention (though I heard someone say it wasn't as much fun as an SDS convention). The only complaint was, that their wasn't enough time.

Things are far from settled, however. Many expressed reservations concerning the problem of local control versus central control. Should chapters work on one central national issue along with local related issues and should the national committee be chosen at large at conventions or be selected by regions? At Davenport the temporary decision was to choose at large, and a national interim committee was selected. But a founding convention is scheduled in June and many expect that policy to be changed.

cont. on 18

THE BLACK PANTHER

INTERCOMMUNAL NEWS SERVICE 25 cents

BUSTED at U of H



Last week at the University of Houston, a member of the Black Panther Party was arrested while attempting to get on campus to sell the party's newspaper. The Houston Police charged him with trespassing and giving a fictitious name, and he ended up spending two days in jail.

Ronnie Stein, the man arrested, says that campus security officers began hassling him two or three weeks ago when he was selling the Black Panther (a weekly "intercommunal" newspaper) on the U of H campus. They asked if he was a student and if he had a permit to sell on campus. No real difficulty, but apparently the security cops decided to keep an eye out for him.

On Tuesday, Feb. 8, Stein went back to the U of H to sell newspapers at a rally. Two security cops intercepted him in the parking lot and asked him where he was going, so he told them. The officers, determining that Stein was not a student, turned him over to Houston Police for trespassing. It took two days for the Panther Party to raise the \$55 necessary to get Stein out of jail.

There appears to be some confusion as to what U of H rule Ronnie Stein violated. Initially, campus security director Larry "Fuzz" Fultz stated that Stein was turned over to Houston police because he was a non-student. (When asked about the non-students who sell Space City! at the U of H every week, Fultz

replied that he had just assumed the Space City! vendors were students.) Later, it turned out that *anyone*, student or not, who wants to sell anything at the U of H must clear it with the Dean of Students first.

On Thursday, Feb. 10, to sort of test out Fultz's assumptions about the student-hood of Space City! vendors, I went to the U of H campus to sell a few papers. I fully expected to be chased off, possibly arrested, and I figured the same would happen to the three other vendors there that day.

I was wrong. No one gave us any trouble. In fact, a security cop even stopped his tricycle in front of one of the other vendors, and asked him how sales were going. Assured that sales were going well, the cop told the vendor to take it easy, and pulled away.

This kind of selective enforcement is of course nothing new, and it isn't too hard to guess what's behind the differing applications of the same U of H rule. Ronnie Stein is black, whereas I (along with most Space City! vendors) am white. In addition, the Black Panther newspaper is considerably "heavier" than Space City!, therefore scarier.

When I spoke with Steve Edwards of the Panthers, he told me that the party intended to continue selling the newspaper on the U of H campus, and that they were supported by the Black Student Union at the school. A rally has been called for Wednesday, Feb. 16 (after we go to press), sponsored by the Black Student Union.

As for Space City!, we intend to keep selling at the U of H, too. If we start having any trouble, we'll let you know.

—Bryan Baker

Living Off The Land

In this age of Nixonomics, sex-ploitation, Martha Mitchell, and the draft, you may feel compelled to avoid the everyday hassles of statistical existence and get back to the land. Learning to cooperate with the land and to live off of it will be the subject matter of this series of articles.

Such aspects as camping, hiking, where to go, and where not to go will be covered. Moreover, living off the land not only includes domains away from your usual habitat, but applies to your life in the city as well. In other words, these articles will reveal ways in which you can put to use ideas on camping, not only while camping, but while living in the concrete jungle.

Perhaps the best place to start would be to take an overall look at the location of the wilderness. Viewing from within the city, one may feel hopelessly lost as to where to go, what to choose among and what you will find there. Thus, to begin, I'll focus on Texas and where potential campers can take to the wilderness.

Texas offers a fairly wide range of wilderness if you're willing to travel a bit. The most characteristic aspect of Texas wilderness is desert and the massive muscular mountains, found in Big Bend, a national park located in Southwestern Texas.

The park's size of 706,538 acres offers the camper a wide space in which to explore. The lower boundary of Big Bend belongs to the Rio Grande; the other boundaries were set forth in 1944. Don't be disillusioned by the word "boundary." There is still a good deal of unexplored wilderness within Big Bend. In this day of overcrowding bustle and concrete, parts of Big Bend, which is within 300 miles of El Paso and 400 miles of San Antonio, are still not fully explored. In fact,

you can hike off the road and within an hour feel alone in a world, uninhabited, untouched and perhaps — before you have looked upon it — unseen.

This is a solitary stretch of country, harsh without bitterness, austere without anger, and silent with an unfathomable mystery. It was not until 1899 that anyone made a trip of record around the "big bend" of the Rio Grande. The rivers and mountains have given the park three large canyons: Boquillas, Santa Elena and Mariscal.

You're probably wondering by now how to get there. There aren't too many choices. Big Bend is open all year, so depending on the climate, which is usually very warm, you can pick your time. From Houston, the most direct route would be one through San Antonio and Del Rio. At Del Rio, you can hassle with border procedures getting in and — most importantly — out of Mexico. I did not attempt that route, but it is possible and more direct. If you stay in Texas, proceed from Del Rio on highway 90 to Marathon, where you would be wise to fill up with gas and carry a supply of food and water, when you head south through uninhabited country. There, at Marathon, take highway 385 which will lead into Big Bend. There is a service station, stores and a campground at Chisos Basin, several miles south of the main connecting road.

Nonetheless, by observing the route on a map, you may have reservations about the trip, but living in the wilderness for a while is a fantastic change from concrete and steel. I doubt many leave disappointed after seeing this awesome desert country with its massive mountains.

— John Kim Lowry

**FOLKS IN HOUSTON TEXAS SAY,
"SUBSCRIBE TO SPACE CITY!...
REMOVES FRESH, STALE, HARD TO REACH, AND
EVEN CAKED ON BULLSHIT IN MINUTES!..."**



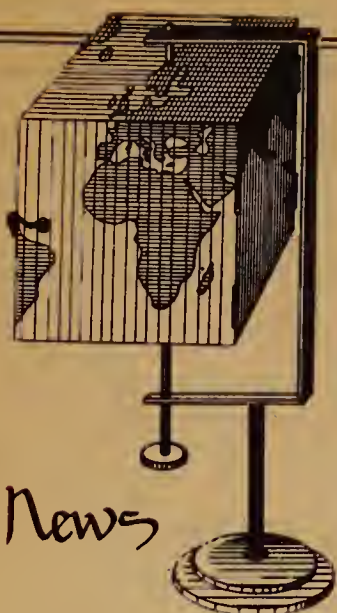
**CLIP & MAIL!
SEND CHECK OR
MONEY ORDER:
SPACE CITY!
1217 WICHITA
HOUSTON, 77004**

----- \$7.50 one year subscription
----- \$4 six month subscription
----- \$5 one year GI sub
----- free prisoner sub
----- \$25 supporter sub
----- 25 cents sample copy

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



Woman Shot In Alabama

CAMDEN CITY, Ala. — Shots rang out during a Jan. 21 demonstration outside the Camden county courthouse, injuring a young black woman, 16-year-old Vicky Dallas.

Despite a number of eye-witnesses, authorities did not arrest the man who fired the shots, according to The Guardian. They said only that they had a "suspect," Ms. Dallas, wounded in the shoulder, was released after a brief stay in the hospital.

The shooting occurred moments after the county court had adjourned for the day but while the protest was still in progress against the arrests and trials of some 600 demonstrators. A boycott of schools and downtown stores in Camden began four months ago when county authorities refused to implement a federal court order to desegregate the schools.

115 Busted at Viet Orphanage

SAIGON — South Vietnamese police raided the Buddhist-run orphanage at Long Thanh Friday, Feb. 11, according to The Associated Press. They claim to have arrested 115 Vietnamese draft evaders, including the orphanage director, Nguyen Van Su. The official Saigon government news agency called Su the "spiritual leader" of the orphanage, and also said that he had not yet served out a 10-year sentence for "misuse of authority and cheating."

Some South Vietnamese newspapers have claimed that two or three of the 1,300 orphans at the institution were killed by police, who used tear gas, clubs and water hoses to carry out the raid.

The orphanage has been a center of controversy for years, the scene of several "pray for peace" demonstrations. Some sources in Vietnam have predicted that the Saigon regime will either close the orphanage or take it over from the Buddhists.

Powers of Darkness

According to Kenneth and Mary Gergen, psychologists at Swarthmore College, "With the simple subtraction of light from a room, a group of complete strangers can be brought into a state of advanced intimacy within less than an hour."

Ms. Gergen said that eight total strangers were led into a dark room — one at a time — so that they never saw one another. The eight (usually

four young women and four young men) would then be left alone to communicate. The tests generally followed the same pattern, with simple talking for the first few minutes. The psychologists said that within 40 minutes all talking usually ceased, and that physical contact such as kissing usually resulted during the dark encounters.

Said Ms. Gergen: "Nothing really scandalous has happened during our hour sessions. But my husband now wants to expand the sessions to two hours."

Rage Still Rocks Ireland

BELFAST, Northern Ireland — Violent reprisals and peaceful protests continued to rock Northern Ireland last week, as Catholic civil rights advocates and the outlawed Irish Republican Army expressed their rage at the killing of 14 civil rights demonstrators on Jan. 30.

On Sunday, Feb. 13, in Enniskillen, 65 miles southwest of Belfast, 4,000 Catholics staged an illegal, but peaceful, march to demand immediate withdrawal of British troops, an end to Britain's "internment policy" (which empowers the government to imprison suspected Irish Republican Army members without trial) and abolition of the provincial Parliament.

On the same day in Dublin, capital of the independent Irish Republic, 10,000 people turned out for a rally, featuring speeches by two IRA leaders.

The following day, Feb. 14, the IRA reportedly bombed four targets in the Belfast area. A bank, office building, furniture store and paint store were all wrecked in the blasts. No injuries were reported.

Lemme See Your ID, Pig

CUPERTINO, Cal. (LNS) — All narcotics officers, FBI agents and members of the CIA will get a cash discount on admission to student activities of Deanza Junior College.

The college's student council approved unanimously the 20 per cent discount for agents who show proper identification.

Philadelphia Needs

Electric Chair?

PHILADELPHIA — Philadelphia's new mayor, Frank Rizzo, says that perhaps the city should have "our own electric chair," according to the Berkeley Tribe.

Noting that Pennsylvania's electric chair was dismantled last year on orders of Fred Peaker, the former attorney General, former police commissioner Rizzo said that maybe the state needs a local option law on capital punishment.

"I don't know if it will stop violent crime by taking the life of the person who commits the vicious crime," he said, "but I am certain of one thing — that he won't be around to commit another murder."

Iranian Guerillas On Trial

On Jan. 23 in Teheran, a trial began for the first group of a total of 120 persons who have been accused by the Savak (Iranian political police) of being urban guerrillas. Accounts in

the Iranian press say that those on trial are accused of having attempted to kidnap the nephew of the Shah and the American ambassador and of having organized armed attacks on electrical power facilities, according to The Guardian.

\$20,000 Reward

DETROIT — The United Auto Workers recently joined with the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee in demanding that the federal government investigate charges of an assassination plot in the life of Cesar Chavez, the UFWOC leader, according to The Guardian.

"The FBI should involve itself immediately in this investigation before men are killed," UAW president Leonard Woodcock told a press conference Jan. 26. UAW also announced it was contributing \$10,000 to a reward for information leading to an arrest and conviction in the murder plot. UFWOC has also posted an equal amount.

The exposure of a murder plot against Chavez was first made by a former police informer Larry Shears who said he learned of the plot while he was an undercover narcotics agent and that he turned his information over to the police arm of the Treasury Department.

Shears said he could identify the men immediately involved in the plot but said he did not learn who put up an alleged \$30,000 payoff for the killing.

UFWOC's chief legal counsel, Jerry Cohen, said last week the union still feared for Chavez' life. "The people who put up the money have not been apprehended," he said. The FBI had no comment on the demand for an investigation.

Angela Raps of Brainwashing

In an exclusive television interview last week, black activist Angela Davis accused California state prison officials of employing drugs and even brain surgery on inmates in attempts to change their personalities, according to Earth News.

During an hour-long taped interview, Ms. Davis said that state doctors at the Vacaville prison compound had used "anectine" — a drug which stops all muscles in the body from functioning — on what she called "unwilling volunteers." Anectine causes muscles to stop functioning, causes breathing and other life processes to halt temporarily and causes a feeling of death to grip the patient. It is said to cause one minute of intense fear so great that those who have been injected with anectine will do almost anything to avoid using it again.

Ms. Davis insisted that the Department of Corrections had seriously suggested to state medical authorities that prisons be permitted to give frontal lobotomies to violence prone inmates.

State prison spokesman Phil Guthrie responded that anectine had been used on a number of "volunteers" in 1968, but that the program has since been discontinued. Guthrie said that anectine had been administered by doctors on inmates who were fully aware of its effects, and that it was discontinued because it did not prove to be particularly effective.

Guthrie added that lobotomy operations had been "mildly suggested," but had never been offered seriously. He admitted, however, that three inmates at Vacaville underwent brain surgery "several years ago" as part of an experiment, adding that the "experiments were not very successful." Guthrie explained that, of the three inmates operated on, one is free on parole; a second was paroled but has since been rearrested; and a third is still in prison.





Platter Chatter

Farther Along *** Byrds *** Columbia *** S1 16m 59s S2 14m 21s
Umpteenth so-so effort from a once great group. Clarence White, Skip Battin, Gene Parsons and Roger McGuinn can do much better. No long jams here and only 31½ minutes of music. Farther Along maybe, but on the wrong road. 74

Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits Volume II *** Columbia *** S1 17m 34s S2 18m 17s S3 20m 10s S4 22m 07s Total 78m 08s
You get 21 of 'em with "I Shall be Released," "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere," and "Down in the Flood" recorded in October with Happy Traum. This will make the hours until the new disc passes by quickly. "Just like Tom Thumb's Blues," "All along the Watchtower," "Maggie's Farm" and "It's all over Now Baby Blue" are all worth having if you lack them. As with all greatest hits albums, check to see if you own the songs on other records first.

There's a Riot Going On *** Epic *** S1 24m 05s S2 23m 26s
Long awaited new one from Sly, the music business' current *enfant terrible*. 47½ minutes is a lot of music; unfortunately most of it is the same notes over and over, again and again. This thing simply *plods* along uninspiringly. Instead of taking us higher Sly has opted to bring us down into these bittersweet blues, featuring cute drawn-out moans over quiet bubbly backing. Sly yodels some, mumbles a lot and just never gets off the ground. There is no information about session musicians, production or even a list of the current Family Stone. The vocals on one tune sound exactly like "Say Hello to Jamie Jones" from the Red Krayolas' second. The whole "riot" puts me to sleep. And sleeping pills are a lot cheaper. 62

From the Inside *** Poco *** Epic (Distributed by Columbia) *** S1 10m 36s S2 18m 18s
Poco's fourth album and a letdown. I don't know where their energy went but it certainly isn't around here. Maybe they tried to do things just too precisely for Steve Cropper, the producer. Poco is a live bunch and have had problems in the studio before. Go see them but save your money for the second disc. Maybe next time they will get back into the groove. Pass this on up unless you are a collector. 70

Beans *** Beans *** Avalanche (Distributed by United Artists) *** S1 20m 51s S2 22m 04s
Courtney Coletti, Paul Levine, Luis Molina and Skip Roberts are the members in this odd New York City group. Beans sets out to entertain you with a fine sense of the whimsical and a like touch for the ridiculous. Witness, "Funky Refrigerator," a ditty about a fridge which rumbles:

..... a honky-tonk refrigerator
and it makes a lot of noise.....
Though I get no sleep I'll always keep
this funky refrigerator of mine
Becauseeeee it
makes the milk shake and the apple turnover
The jelly roll and the cold cuts colder
it makes the peanut brittle and the ice cream.....

What can you say? No bad smells. 84

Gooduns *** King Biscuit Boy *** Paramount *** S1 17m 11s S2 16m 22s
Make no mistake, *Gooduns* is a flat-out wailer. You can start out screaming on side 2 with "Ranky-Tanky," a barnburner with flashes of Van Morrison's "Mystic Eyes" rolling through your brain. Richard Newell goes by the moniker of King Biscuit Boy. He is joined here by Seatrain drummer Larry Atamanuik, Pianist Rick Bell of the Full Tilt Boogie Band, Roly Greenway and Rheal Lantheir mainly although also they are buttressed by a couple of horns and the Flour Power Harmonica Band.

Sonny Boy Williamson came from Helena, Arkansas, and the Biscuit Boy's Band starts usually in blues frameworks. Mostly they wind up after accelerating into a boogie, featuring Newell's slide guitar, his hoarse vocals and some incredible harmonica. Newell wrote some of the tunes and got help from such notables as Willie Dixon & Doctor John. You will shake your ass for King Biscuit and his Boys. 93

Young, Gifted and Black *** Aretha Franklin *** Atco *** S1 21m 37s S2 21m 38s

Aretha has "gotten back" a bit from her intense, personal soul screeching of two years ago. She broadened her material and now is a more well-rounded vocalist. The selections come from her own hand in some cases (4) but also from the pens of Paul and John, Bachrach/David, Elton John and Otis Redding/Jerry Butler.

The total production is quite majestic with the musicians' credits occupying most of half of the back cover. Though she remains in a cooler "bag" *Ladysoul* still has to let it out at times to get out in front of her background. How about an acoustic Aretha album with some real down and out blues? Until that day we'll take her any way we can. 90

— John M. Lomax

FOLK ALBUMS

Peter, Paul and Mary, as you may not know, have broken up, and now there are three separate albums each entitled *Peter*, *Paul*, and *Mary*. I have managed to hear *Peter*: all the albums are put out by Warner Bros. I think, of the trio, Peter Yarrow comes out on top, with new wife (formerly a McCarthy), new songs, and a trip to Chile. He has probably heard about the outasite cocaine there, and he will probably meet President Allende to see how socialism works first hand. All the old fans will not be disappointed, this is a good album. Songs I particularly like are "Don't Ever Take Away My Freedom," "Mary Beth," "Goodbye Josh" (White), "Plato's Song," and "Weave Me the Sunshine."

He is aided by Maria Muldaur and Libby Titus where Mary's voice used to be and Paul Butterfield — a little more background than just Paul's other guitar. I still like Peter although it has been years since we met; some may think he's too commercial; however, I was impressed, and the liner notes end with a neat little sentence. Register to vote. Have you?

And now for all the Cher fans! A superpak double album of 24 songs that takes you back to the birth of folkrock to the *Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*. The album is simply *Cher* on United Artists records. Songs like "Alfie," "Catch the Wind," "Elusive Butterfly," "Homeward Bound," and so on. Show us where Hollywood's at, Bell-bottoms and sophisticated smog.

Now that Dory Previn is free of Andre, she is writing and singing her own songs. Her latest album *Reflections in a Mud Puddle* (side 1) and *Taps Tremors and Time Steps* (side 2) is released by United Artists. She reminds me of a female Leonard Cohen. On the first side are songs of social criticism, "Doppelganger," the personification of death and imperialism was a real surprise. "The New Enzyme Detergent Demise of Ali McGraw," and "The Talkative Woman and the Two Star General" are just two more songs of that side. Side two is more personal, something like a musical story about the death of her father. "The Earthquake in Los Angeles," and "Aftershock" are some titles that describe *One Last Dance for My Father*. Too bad this record doesn't get air play and the Annette Peacocks run loose to blow our eardrums. Dory Previn is good, for she is one of the few woman singers who have said anything of significance lately. Her presentation is like Rudy Vallee or the "Winchester Cathedral" cats of a few years ago, but the lyrics are especially now.

An album entitled *Jonathan Edwards* on Capricorn Records and famous for that top forties hit, "Sunshine," reminds one of a character like James Taylor; unfortunately he isn't. I like the songs, but not the way he sings them. Somehow the blues songs just don't sound blue. "Don't Cry Blue," "Dusty Morning," and "Shanty" are possibly worth listening to, on the radio or at a rich friends, who buys records all the time.

Phillip Goodhand-Tait has an album called *I Think I'll Write A Song* on DJM Records distributed by Bell Records. Mr. Goodhand-Tait gets the bomb of the week award. To bad the title *wasn't I Think I'll Write a GOOD Song*. Even some Englishmen lose once in a while.

A reply to John Carroll's blurb on the Earl Scruggs Revue, I was sitting very near the stage and what you might have thought ill-at-ease was just plain coolness. Earl never broke a sweat and I could see it pouring off everyone else, just about could count the gum chews of fiddler, Vassar Clements. As for the contemporary music, Earl says on the Net Album for Columbia that old time tunes like "Cripple Creek" were limiting and he enjoys different types of music and he is more satisfied now. As for his sons, I never saw such a proud Papa! Gary and Randy's latest album is on Vanguard, and Dylan isn't on it. Anyway Dylan came to Nashville looking for them and their kind, they didn't have to go to New York City! And any fool knows that Earl Scruggs is the best banjo picker in the "commercial" world!! None of us have ever heard the other, unless you go *deep* into Tennessee, Kentucky or the Carolina hills. Were you listening to the Jimmie Roger's piece or could you just hear the Dylan songs?

Furthermore, anyone that played for at least 100,000 or more at the D.C. Moratorium in 1969 *couldn't* get uptight for a paltry thousand or so. I don't think I've ever seen or heard a more *real* group and I've seen a few groups in my day! Maybe you *forgot* about their standing ovation!

A lot of people should see *Sacco and Vanzetti* instead of Potliquor & Lawrence Welk.

— Scout Schacht

Somehow Black Oak Arkansas' "Keep the Faith" just doesn't live up to the promise this group showed on its first LP. The reasons for this become apparent after several listenings. First of all, the technical end of the record seems to have dropped off considerably. "Keep the Faith" was recorded in New York and Miami as opposed to the L.A. recording of "Black Oak Arkansas." Somewhere along the line the lyrics and vocals were given preference over the music. Second, although there is an obvious political message in "Keep the Faith," it should not have overshadowed the group's strong point — its tight guitar duo. By emphasizing the typically redundant voice of Jim Mangrum, Black Oak is trying to capitalize on its *weakest* point. After all, what can you do with a three note range?

Their music definitely shows promise and pending decent technical quality, Black Oak Arkansas could surely be a band to watch in the future.

— Tom Flowers

"It can happen here."

Brecht's Three Ring Circus

by Thorne Dreyer

Adolph Hitler leading a gang of thugs in Chicago in the early 1930's?

Well, almost.

Actually, it's Arturo Ui, a not-so-accidental look-alike, in Cecil Pickett's production of *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, this weekend at the University of Houston.

Arturo looks (and acts) like Hitler; his cronies resemble Himmler and Goebbels; and their rise to power in Chicago parallels the ascendancy of the Nazis in pre-war Germany. Bertolt Brecht, in this rarely produced play, says, "It can happen here."

Says director Pickett: "I think there is always the danger of this — a third rate punk like this man who literally rose from nothing to great prominence. It's shuddering to think about. Brecht felt very honestly

about this: that this can happen again. Like the MC says at the end: 'The bitch that bore him is in heat again.'"

But the play is more than political statement, according to Pickett, it's poetry. "I don't think the play says anything we haven't heard many times. I think it's the way it is said. It's the beautiful way in which the man put it. It's theatrical excitement."

Cecil Pickett is a member of the drama department faculty at the University of Houston. And if you've ever seen one of his productions, you know he has a special zest for the creative, the theatrical. How is he staging this one?

"It's a three ring circus. The production takes on the appearance of an Edward G. Robinson movie. We are using visually the movie techniques of black, silver-greys — against the red of the blood and the cauliflower emblems (symbols of the Cauliflower



Cecil Pickett

PHOTO BY THORNE DREYER

Trust that controlled Chicago's green grocery trade). I think it can be quite stunning.

"We've had some original music written (by Bob Jester) to try to catch the tintage era of the jazz age. We have the cabaret girls and the MC — and at times it looks phenomenally like a cabaret."

What of the techniques traditionally associated with Brecht's "epic theatre," like film clips and lantern slides? According to director Pickett, these are being avoided. The approach is not the standard "theater of alienation." There is a danger, says Pickett, in producing Brecht in a style "that Peter Brook called 'theatre of the deadly.' They become so clinical with the epic theater thing that people fell asleep in droves. Brecht himself said, if you become enslaved to an

epic theater format, then I have created a Frankenstein monster. Because, that's the very thing that epic theater did — to free the stage of conventions.

"I think there are things that are Brecht's that we have to retain. I think above all — one of the premises of Brecht's — you should think in his productions more than feel. If it doesn't stir us to think, it's a failure."

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui features Craig Hill as Arturo. Other members of the cast include Frank Tammariello, Ken McGee, Nona Pipes, Clay Landey, Bobby Rodriguez, Rick Johnson and Jester. It runs through Saturday night, Feb. 19. Curtain is 8:30 p.m. in Cullen Auditorium on the UH campus.

Our cultural crystal ball says, This is one you shouldn't miss.

FRIENDS
BUSTED ?

527-9735

MILE HIGH BONDING

Pot Luck Announces MARDI GRAS SALE SAVE 30% TO 50% OFF ON ALL CLOTHING

JEANS
WERE 8.00
NOW
4.75

SMILIN'S CROW
PULLOVERS
WERE 7.00
NOW 4.00

WIDE RIBBED
CORDUOYS
WERE 14.00
NOW 9.00

DOUBLE KNIT
SHIRTS
WERE 14.00
NOW 8.00

LEATHER PANTS
WERE 39.00
NOW 20.00

RECYCLED
JEANS
WERE 3.00
NOW 2.00

CHRIS
POT LUCK
5604 Bissonnet
Bellaire, Texas
Near Rice Blvd.

BELTS
SOME 10.00
SOME 8.00
NOW... 5.00

SALE NOT GOOD AT
POT LUCK IN KEMAH.

Pot Luck #2
6128 Village Parkway
"IN THE VILLAGE"
528-7732

Pot Luck #1
3418 Wheeler
BETWEEN TSU & U of H
747-0959

PONCHOS
WERE 24.00
NOW 15.00

Back when I worked for the Harvard Crimson, I had a boss who would occasionally deign to do a film review himself. He was a good critic, but he had a passion for quotable quotes. "Best movie I've seen in years"; "Had them rolling in the aisles"; that sort of thing. Anyway, once he chose the black bean marked *Putney Swope*.

Well, he had a boss, too, and the next morning Frank's review of *Putney* showed up in the paper with a break in the middle of a paragraph — and then, in 16-point, all caps, the legend: "IS PUTNEY SWOPE THE ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT MOVIE? YOU BET YOUR SWEET ASS!"

Shamelessly (and obviously missing the joke), the studio publicists picked up the quote, and for weeks afterwards, "... your sweet —!" graced ads in the New York Times.

Pacing a review with such little tidbits is a harmless diversion, I suppose; everybody enjoys a little glamour. And sometimes, even the best critics use the device to help out a movie not necessarily destined for popular success. I once heard a Fox publicist admit that *M*A*S*H** sold largely on the basis of that quote lifted from Pauline Kael: "Best War Comedy Since Sound Came In."

But I'm going to use none of these justifications. I'm playing that managing editor's joke on myself. My quotable quote appears on the front cover of this publication (in whatever size type) for one reason only: I believe it; I passionately do.

II

The Last Picture Show, Peter Bogdanovich's second film, opens this week at the Delman Theater. It has been a huge critical success thus far, and certainly needs no quotable

Larry McMurty's novel (he collaborated on the screenplay with Bogdanovich) is not exactly *Middlemarch* — but then it isn't *Airport* either. Somewhere in between, the novel does provide enough focus on a single character to be translatable into film terms. (For film, leading character and point of view seem tied with an umbilical cord made of piano wire. Not necessary, but generally true.) The problem in this adaptation is that too many other characters from the novel must be given too short a shrift.

Perhaps the highest accolade *The Last Picture Show* (film) can receive, then, is that it could be remade five times — with a different character in focus each time — and lose none of its power. Sort of a *Rashomon* done in separate movies.

III

I'm feeling a little over-audacious about that front-cover quote. It implies, after all, a moral judgement, and moral judgements are not particularly fashionable these days. And not very easy, either.

But I want to try building up a case for the basic morality behind *The Last Picture Show*. The 18th Century equation between art (period) and morality (period) is dead, and I have no hopes of reviving it. There was a time, I guess, when theories of Marxist art could have done the job, restating the equation in terms simpler than those utilizing the slippery God of Matthew Arnold. "Could have," but didn't. Additional strictures were felt necessary for aesthetic theory, Marxist-style: the notion of "popular" art, and so on.

The great fallacy of Marxist art turns on this very point: it is — as is perhaps all "popular" art as we have come to know it — essentially romantic.



Sonny (Timothy Bottoms), left, and Duane (Jeff Bridges) pool their mo-

"If everyone going to see *A Clockwork Orange* would see *The Last Picture Show* instead, the world would be a better place in which to

by Alex Stern

quotes from me. (When someone hands them "Best American Film Since *Citizen Kane*," even publicists don't look much further.)

The odd thing is, the film deserves it. It probably is the best American film since *Kane*; at least I'm not prepared to come up with an alternative.

So here we go: Bogdanovich is an immense new talent, and his film is exquisite. The cinematography (by Robert Surtees) is sublime. The performances are uniformly superb — and I run out of adjectives for the contributions, particularly, of Ben Johnson, Ellen Burstyn and Cloris Leachman.

I have, in fact, only one quarrel with the film — and even that is based on admiration: I wanted it to be longer. Oftentimes, we hate to see a good movie end, if only because we want to know what further happens to the leading character. One feels that way about Sonny in *The Last Picture Show*, but about all the other characters as well. I didn't so much want to see what happened next as I wanted more about what had already happened.

It is an impossible problem, I guess, to completely adapt a good novel to the screen. John Simon's thesis about adaptations of fiction for the stage is a point well taken: "If it is worth doing, it can't be done; if it can be done, it wasn't worth it." Simon's Law does not stretch to the screen, but I might note that second-rate novels make better films than first-rate ones.

Art is no longer going to answer Arnold's (and St. Paul's) question, "how to live." But romantic art fails even to give us the time to find out how we are living.

Tough times, these — and that's exactly what I want to talk about: time. Because of the thrust of romantic time, romanticism just will not do for our times. Television alone provides us with more romantic input than that civilisation should logically be able to stand.

Yes, I'm trying to come at a new definition of romantic and classic. However blurred the differences between the two have become in our age, I'd like to suggest a distinction that may prove useful for this discussion. To begin with, romanticism exists over a period of time; a romantic work is one which deals not with the dimension of emotion, but with its direction. A classic work, from this, is therefore the investigation of a moment out of time.

Now I don't want to push this distinction too heavily. To begin with, it's a suggestion made strictly for this discussion of films — however apparent its extension to music might be. And certainly, it should not be confused as an attempt to differentiate between narrative and non-narrative art. On the contrary: *A Clockwork Orange* contains much less conventional narration than *The Last Picture Show*, yet *A Clockwork Orange* is a romantic work of art (well, let's just say, romantic "experience") if I've ever seen one. *The Last Picture Show* is

just as definably — and of course this is what I'm getting around to — classic.

The Last Picture Show is in all ways a work of classic proportions. It deftly evokes a single moment of time (1951, we are told) in a single portion of space (a small Texas town). I mentioned earlier that I didn't want the narrative to go on, so much as I wanted the film to have even more time to investigate the moment at hand. Perhaps this context makes the implications of that statement more clear. As the film is "classic," it is also "moral."

IV

The Last Picture Show is not alone in its use of short sequences from old movies; the practice seems to be all the rage. *The Last Picture Show*, however, is alone in the nature of that use.

In a scene not unlike one in *Picture Show* — except in quality — the infantile cretins of *Summer of '42* carry on beneath the rolling eyeballs of Bette Davis. The Davis film seems chosen for its incongruity, its "camp" appeal. Almost as if we are being told to compare Phantasy (Davis) and Reality (the cretins). I have news for Warner Brothers: excessive melodrama and all, *Now, Voyager* is a good deal closer to the human condition than the pap of *Summer of '42*.

"Closer to the human condition" is not, certainly, the same thing as reality — but it is a positive value-judgement nonetheless. Old movies have for many of us an appeal based

not on action or choices, for the actions are questionable and the choices already made. What appeals is the *ethos* of the situations, the clarity of the movieworld in which the actions and choices exist.

In *The Last Picture Show* the correspondent scene to the one described above present the leading character (Sonny) and his girl-friend nestled on the last row. The movie: *Father of the Bride*. Sonny warms up to the girl in the seat while watching the young, almost impossibly fresh Elizabeth Taylor on the screen.

Bogdanovich is making points here that have nothing to do with nostalgia. We are not presented with the idea that "this is 1951 and look what silly movies people used to have to see." Not at all. Rather, we are given the clarity of Elizabeth Taylor — or the clarity of her image (Phantasy) — as a motivation for action (Real).

V

Too much has been written on the passage of the Hero from our culture. And frankly, I don't think Hero Worship explains half of what the movies, in net effect, have meant to the lives of many, perhaps most people. Jane Darwell, and the rest of the movie mothers, were never so influential on the American consciousness as *mothers* as, say, Harriet Nelson. Women may have copied hair-styles from Marlene Dietrich, but America did not raise a generation of Shanghai Lillies.

What movies offered, essentially, was clarity. Whatever the plot — poor

cont. on 13

Space

The Cinema

CABARET. A movie with music — and Liza Minnelli, Michael York. From the award-winning musical, which in turn was from "I Am A Camera," in its turn based on Isherwood's Sally Bowles stories. This could be the real thing. Windsor, PG.

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE. Sam Packinph's best, and most underrated, film is back. Last-on-the-bill at several drive-ins. Try to find it.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. If "2001" was the ultimate trip, this one is the ultimate bore. Galleria Cinema, X.

THE COWBOYS. Machismo for children. With John Wayne. Village, PG.

DIRTY HARRY. Don Siegal directs Clint Eastwood. At the drive-ins and suburbans. R — thank God.

DUCK SOUP. The Marx Brothers' greatest. Presented with Laurel and Hardy in "Song of the Desert," by something called the "Nostalgia Film Society." Phone 526-5819 for details. 8:30 pm Feb 17.

FREAKS. The 1932 classic, banned for 30 years, now back in more-or-less complete form. Tod Browning directed a cast of real-life circus freaks. The smartest horror film ever made. Park 11.

LA GUERRE EST FINIE. Alain Resnais' fine film about an aging Republican still fighting the Spanish Civil War. Free. UH. Library auditorium. 8pm, Feb 18.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY. WANDA JUNE. Film version of Kurt Vonnegut's play parodying the Hemingway myth, etc. The film doesn't seem to know which is the parody and which the target. A shame. Shamrock Four, R.

THE HOSPITAL. Fun trash. George C. Scott (recent graduate of the Patton School of Dramatic Arts) hams it up in fine style. Gaiyyinn Terraca and Loew's State. PG.

J.W. COOP. One of a spate of new rodeo movies. Cliff Robertson directs and performs. Geraldine Page walks through your basic Geraldine Page role. Metropolitan and Gaiyyinn. PG.

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW. The greatest American film since — well, in years. Petar Bogdanovich directs an impeccable cast. Do not miss. Odman, R.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin's 1936 classic. Although much of the technological comedy is cribbed from "A Nous La Liberte," the film is a great American experience. A must see. Alabama (student discount Mon-Fri).

POCKET MONEY. A contemporary Western with Paul Newman and Lee Marvin. Weird. River Oaks, PG.

QUEEN CHRISTINA. Greta Garbo and her favorite leading man, John Gilbert, in one of his rare talkies. Through Feb 22 at the Park 111 Film Festival.

SONG OF THE SOUTH. The Disney number. Yes, it's back, but don't ask me how. At the neighborhoods.

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS. Otto Preminger directs a new low. At various Cinemas, R.

200 MOTELS. A drag. With Frank Zappa, the Mothers, and Ringo Starr. Bellalra, R.

The Theater

Uh Drama Department
THE RESISTABLE RISE OF ARTURO UI
— An important place of theatre this weekend only! The play, by the great (and seldom produced in Houston) German playwright Bertolt Brecht, is called a "gangster spectacle." It parallels the Hitler and the Nazis in pre-war Germany. Directed by Cecil Pickatt with original music by Bob Jester. Feb 16-19, 8:30 pm. Cullen Auditorium, UH. 748-6600 ex 608.

Playwright's Showcase
DISCOURSE/VIETNAM — According to director Roger Glade, this is the first North American production of Peter Weiss' indictment of US involvement in Indochina. Opens Fri, Feb 11, with a special benefit performance for the Houston Committee to End the War. Will run Fri & Sat nites thru March. Curtain 8 pm. Autry House, 6265 S. Main. 524-3168.

Music Hall.
810 Bagby. 222-3487.
COMPANY. National Touring Company (and who knows what that could mean) but see it anyway. Book by George Furth stoops to easy laughs, but Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics are impeccable. The best American theatrical composer since the early Leonard Bernstein. Two performances only, Feb 19.

Fondren Street Theatre
SALVATION — Rock musical directed by Phil Oesterman. Multimedia effects designed by Jim Sink & Jerry Judnick. Cast includes Carl Deese, Lanerl Walker, Carl Cochran. Previews Feb 17-20, 8 pm. Formal opening is Feb 23. Fondren at Daffodil, 783-9930.

PINOCCHIO — multi-media musical kids show. Directed by Carl Deese. Sat, 11 am & 2 pm; Sun, 2 pm. Thru Feb. Fondren & Daffodil, 783-9930.

Alley Theatre
SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY — Directed by William Trotman; features musical combo with guitars, banjo, violin, recorder & kazoo. Tues-Fri, 8:30 pm; Sat, 5 & 9 pm; Sun, 2:30 & 8:30 pm. Thru Feb 27, 615 Texas Ave 228-8421.

MY SWEET CHARLIE — play by Houstonian David Westheimer; directed by William Glover. Thurs, Fri — 8:30 pm; Sat, 5 & 9 pm, thru Feb 19. Alley's Arena stage. 228-8421.

Studio 7
THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES — Prince Street Player version of the traditional fairy tale. Directed by Chris Wilson; sets & costumes by Dottie & Wesley Speight; choreography by Chris Hemphill. Every Sat, 2 pm, thru April 8. Houston Music Theater, SW Fwy at Fondren, 771-3851.

Music

Jones Hall
HOUSTON GRAND OPERA—Help, Help the Globolinks and Tha Medium, Feb 22, 25, 27. Tickets at Foley's & Jones Hall ticket office, 227-5278.

Coliseum
SCOTS GUARDS—The Regimental Band, Pipes, Drums and Dancers of HMSG. Feb 24, 8 pm, 223-4822 for tickets.

THE TEMPTATIONS—plus the Swiss Movement and the United Sound Company. Feb 19 at 8:30. Tickets at Wards, Ticket Town, Jarry's Men's Shops, Working Man's Store & Houston Ticket Service.

La Bastille
WOODY HERMAN—three shows nightly thru Feb 19. CA-7-2036.

Liberty Hall
J. J. CALE—Feb 18-20. Two shows nightly, as per usual.

Music Hall

B. B. KING, RARE EARTH—Feb 18, two shows at 7 & 10:30. Tickets at Disc Records and the Paisley Co.

MELANIE—Feb 28, Concerts West & KILT. 8 pm.

GORDON LIGHTFOOT—March 9

COMPANY — recent Broadway musical that won six Tony awards in 1971, performed by national touring company. Sat, Feb 19, 2 & 8:30 pm. Music Hall.

HBC Opera Company
THE CRUCIBLE. Robert Ward's opera, from the Arthur Miller drama. A fresh, young company in an ambitious production. All performances at 8pm, Feb 18-19 at Sharpstown High School; Feb 21-22 at Kinkaid High School; Feb 25 at San Jacinto Junior College. For ticket information, phone 774-7661.

Museum of Fine Arts.

WOODWINDS OF HOUSTON. Works of Beethoven, Tommasini, and Hindemith. 4pm, Feb 20, Free.

Rice University

THE RICE CHORALE. Robert Strong, conductor. Works of Houston composer Thomas Avinger. Feb 17 at 8pm in the Rice Memorial Chapel. Free.

Society for the Performing Arts.
Box Office: 227-1111.

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN. Music of Brahms, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt. 8:30pm, Feb 17, Jones Hall.

ANDRE WATTS. The phenomenal young pianist. 8:30pm, March 3, Jones Hall.

University of St. Thomas
COLLEGIUM MUSICUM. Samuel Thiel, conducting. 14th Century composer Guillaume de Machaut's *Misse de Notre Dame*. 8pm, Feb 28. Rothko Chapel. Free.

University of Houston
WAR, BURGUNDY—Eric Burdon's old back-up group, plus Burgundy, will be in the Houston Room of the University Center, Feb 29, 8 pm.

Palace Club
MERRY CLAYTON—Feb 21, 10 pm & midnight.

MORE ON PAGE 10

Reviews

American Ballet Theatre	p. 20	Platter Chatter	p. 6
Been Down So Long	p. 14	Sacco & Vanzetti	p. 13
Dr. John (Night Tripper)	p. 15	The Last Picture Show	p. 8
Goose Creek	p. 16	The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui	p. 7

The Plastic Arts

Contemporary Arts Museum

The funny building—it opens in March

Museum of Fine Arts

1001 Bissonnet. 526-1361.

OAYS ON THE RANGE: Artists in the American West, Major exhibition in Cullinan Hall.

KEMPE COLLECTION, Chinese gold, silver, and porcelain, Jones Galleries.

NATURE ANO FOCUS: American Painting in the Nineteenth Century, Masterson Junior Gallery.

LECTURES: "American Vision," E.A. Carmean on Thomas Cole and Hudson River School, Jones Lecture Room, Feb 23, 2 pm, "Monet and Jackson Pollock," E.A. Carmean, Feb 27, 2 pm.

Rice University

6100 Main, 528-4141, ext 1396.

INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS, Works from the Menil Foundation and family, through April 15.

STORYVILLE PORTRAITS, A collection of photographs (circa 1912) by E.J. Bellocq. Nine to five weekdays only. Sewall Hall Art Gallery.

University of Houston

3801 Cullen Boulevard, 748-6600.

PRINT SALE, Original etchings and lithographs by internationally-known artists, from the Rotten Gallery, Baltimore. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$1,000. Feb 23, 10am to 4pm.

Galleries:

AOEPT GALLERY, Luther G. Walker in a one-man conceptual program of paintings, poetry, and prose, Weekdays, 6-9pm, 1617 Blinz.

ART LEAGUE, Prints and drawings by Oederich Kortlang, 1953 Montrose, 523-9530.

ARTIST OUTLET COMMUNITY CENTER.

Black artists on the black life-style.

Most media, Mon-Sat, 9am-6pm, Sun, 12-6pm, 2603 Blodgett.

CONTRACT GRAPHICS, Paintings and graphics by Joe Goode, 5116 Morning-side, 524-1593.

THE BLACK GALLERY, Work by black artists, 2413 Oowling, 224-9057.

CARVEL GALLERY, Original Eskimo stone graphics, 3719 Westheimer, 622-3560.

OAVIO GALLERY, Works by Earl Staley, of the Univ. of St. Thomas faculty, 2243 San Felipe, 524-0977.

GALLERY OF ORIGINAL ARTS, New works by Huntsville Prison inmates, and surrealism by Norman Johnson, Farmer's Market, Town and Country Village.

GOOO EARTH GALLERY, Houston artists, Oaily, 11am-3pm and 7-10pm, 508 Louisiana.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE PERFORMING ANO VISUAL ARTS, "Textural Weavings and Drawings," Weekdays, 9am-4pm, 3517 Austin.

KIKO GALLERIES, One-man show, artist Rene Bro, Through February, 419 Lovett Blvd, 522-3732.

LATENT IMAGE, Old and new photographs of Houston, 1122 Bissonet, 529-2343.

ALFREO LEE GALLERY, African tribal sculpture, jewelry, and attire, 3404 Roseland, 522-2519.

ROBINSON GALLERIES, Works from the John L. Paxton Collection, Thomas Hart Benton, if you like him — and others, rather better, 3220 Louisiana, 528-7674.

The Tube

I didn't find out until this week that John & Yoko are co-hosts of the Mike Oouglas Show, of all things. If this reaches you on the 17th or 18th, you can still catch them. Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale is supposed to be on the 17th. 3:30 pm on Ch 2.

Thu, Feb 17—

8:00 pm—SOME LIKE IT HOT, Jack Lemmon & Tony Curtis join Marilyn Monroe in an all-girl band. Really rather humorous. Ch 39

12:30 am—TALL STORY, camp classic starring Tony Perkins as a high school basketball star and Jane Fonda as a cheerleader. Those were the days! (Slight) Ch 11

Fri, Feb 18—

7:30 pm—BEAUTY ANO THE BEAST, directed by Jean Cocteau to appeal to young and old alike. (NOTE: This is NOT a Walt Disney movie.) Ch 8

10:30 pm—THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, the film that made Sharon Tate semi-famous. Oirected by Roman Polanski. Ch 11

12:30 am—GO WEST YOUNG MAN, Mae West & Randolph Scott. Ch 11

Sat, Feb 19—

12:30 pm—BASKETBALL, just the way you like it (you can turn it off when you get bored to tears). S. Car. vs Our Own U of H. Ch 11

1:30 pm—PRIZEFIGHTER & THE LAOY, Myrna Loy & Max Baer. Followed by the Marx Bros, in A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. Ch 2

9:30 pm—NIXON LEAVES FOR CHINA, and isn't it about time? Ch 13

10:30 pm—RAINTREE COUNTY, Liz Taylor, Lee Marvin, Montgomery Clift. Ch 13

11:00 pm—HIGH SOCIETY, low camp starring Sinatra, Crosby, and Princess Grace, Music by Cole Porter. Ch 2

Sun, Feb 20—

5:00 pm—MISUNOERSTANOING CHINA, this doesn't sound like anything new, but with Nixon over there, maybe there'll be a few new wrinkles. Ch 11

10:30 pm—SEA OF GRASS, the kind that cows eat, Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn kick off a week of good (or at least interesting) old movies. Ch 2



Pictured is a scene from Salvation, a rock musical opening this week at the Fondren Street Theatre. The show incorporates profuse multi-media effects and performances will end with members of the audience staying to boogie with the cast. Previews are Feb 17-20; formal opening is Feb 23. Call 783-9930 for details. Photo by Jerry Judnick.

Mon, Feb 21—

7:00 pm—THE POLITICS OF WOODY ALLEN, Allen acts out the life of Or. Harvey Wallinger, Presidential Advisor. Ch 8

10:30 pm—THE PRIEST'S WIFE, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni. Ch 11

12:30 am—WESTBOUNO, Randolph Scott. Ch 11

Tue, Feb 22—

6:30 pm—FINO LIVINGSTONE, Part 5 of "The Search For The Nile", one of the more interesting series on network TV. Ch 2

8:00 pm—MOBY OICK, Gregory Peck gets stuck on a whale. Ch 39

8:30 pm—WHO KILLED MALCOLM?, "Black Journal", on the anniversary of the murder of Malcolm X, investigates the circumstances surrounding his death. Ch 8

10:30 pm—BOY'S NIGHT OUT, Kim Novak, James Garner. Ch 11

Wed, Feb 23—

10:30 pm—SIGNPOST TO MURDER, Joann Woodward, Stuart Whitman. Ch 11

Thu, Feb 24—

10:30 pm—TROG, Joan Crawford. Ch 11

Fri, Feb 25—

7:30 pm—IVAN THE TERRIBLE, Part 1 of Sergei Eisenstein's film biography of a really rotten czar. Ch 8.

11:00 pm—THE SORCERORS, Boris Karloff. Only for the truly committed. Ch 11

12:40 am—HORSE FEATHERS, Marx Bros. Ch 11

Sat, Feb 26—

1:30 pm—THE BIG HOUSE, Wallace Beery in a really wonderful flick. Ch 2

10:15 pm—THE COMANCHEROS, John Wayne, Lee Marvin. Ch 11

Sun, Feb 27—

10:30 am—THE FLY, Vincent Price. Let the kids skip Sunday school for this one. It'll put the fear of God into them for sure. Ch 13

3:30 pm—EAST OF EOEN, James Oean, Raymond Massey. Heart-warmingly sordid. Ch 13

9:30 pm—LOOK HOMEWARO, ANGEL, How they figure to cram Thomas Wolfe's novel into only 1½ hours is a mystery to me. Ch 11

10:30 pm—P. J., George Peppard. Ch 13

10:30 pm—GASLIGHT, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman. Ch 2

Mon, Feb 28—

7:00 pm—SHOWOOWN AT OK CORRAL, see how Wyatt Earp and friends keep the peace by massacring the Clantons. Ch 11

8:00 pm—KHARTOUM, Charleton Heston as British general Gordon, fighting to keep the Arabs from taking over their native land. Inspirational. Ch 39

10:30 pm—THE OAMNEO, Oirk Bogarde, a good flick (only a year old) about pre-war Germany, but probably a little too slow-moving for Tee Vee. Ch 11

Tue, Feb 29—

8:00 pm—OUR MAN FLINT, James Coburn discovers exotic ways to kill and maim large numbers of people as a well-known secret agent. Ch 39

12:30 pm—LITTLE EGYPT, Rhonda Fleming in the story of America's best-loved belly dancer. Probably not as racy as it sounds. Ch 11

KILT & CONCERTS WEST PRESENT

MELANIE

HOUSTON MUSIC HALL
FEB. 28 8 PM

gordon lightfoot

HOUSTON MUSIC HALL MARCH 9

deep purple buddy miles

SAM HOUSTON COLISEUM * MARCH 19

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT:
HOUSTON TICKET SERVICE
TICKET TOWN

ALSO RECORD TOWN: memorialcity, gulfgate & northline.



Melanie

INS & OUTS

GI RIGHTS CONFERENCE

The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors is holding a conference in Austin Feb 19-21 on military law. Topics will include discharges, GI rights, federal court remedies, organizing. All interested people should attend, including military lawyers, draft & GI counselors. To be held in the Texas Union Bldg, UT, Austin, in the main ballroom. For more info call (512)478-9332 or 224-3062 in Houston.

MILITARY COUNSELING

A military counseling office has opened in Houston at the Prairie Law Collective, 618 Prairie, no. 3, 224-3062. HOURS: Tue, 7:30-9:30 pm; Sat, 2-4 pm; Thu, 10:30 am-3:30 pm. Info on discharges, GI rights. This is not a draft counseling service, but for people who are in and want out.

DAVID HARRIS ON VIETNAM

David Harris, former student body president at Stanford who recently served time in federal prison for draft refusal, will speak here soon. Harris will speak on "The Air War in Southeast Asia" Sat, March 11 at 8 pm, at Hammond Hall on the Rice campus. His speech will be free and open to the public.

NAME THAT QUOTE

"Today the locust fights the elephant, but tomorrow the elephant will be disembowelled." (See answer below)

ABORTION REFORM COALITION

The Houston Women's Abortion Reform Coalition will have a panel discussion dealing with abortion laws and restrictions in Texas. Panel will include Sarah Whittington, who recently argued the abortion issue before the Supreme Court, a clergyman, a gynecologist, and a psychiatrist. Tue, Feb 22, 8:00 pm, Autrey House (6265 Main St) Everyone is encouraged to attend.

ANSWER TO NAME THAT QUOTE

Ho Chi Minh

JUNK WANTED

The Latin American Cultural Exchange is beginning a re-cycling project. We need to find places where there are piles of paper, cardboard, aluminum cans, and glass jars & bottles. People can deliver them to the food co-op, Albany at Dennis on Sunday or call us at 522-8296 and we can pick it up. We will also welcome volunteers to help in this worthy project.

UNIVERSITY OF THOUGHT

Catalogue of courses for the spring semester is out. No cost, no grades, no teachers' dirty looks, no attendance. Courses include Esperanto, Auto Mechanics, Karate, Yoga, Organic Gardening, Home Brewing, Astrology. Catalogues available at Turtle News & at the U of Thought, 3505 S. Main. Call 526-5547

SIERRA CLUB

The Sierra Clubs have a dual purpose. They have been crusading for years to end the rape of the environment, and are especially vocal regarding the destruction of the few remaining wilderness areas. They also organize group seminars and outings in the wilds. The Houston chapter has planned several hikes and canoe trips for the coming month. To find out more about the Houston Sierra Club, attend one of their meetings, held on the third Tuesday of every month, 7:30 pm in the Great Southern Life Insurance Co. auditorium (3121 Buffalo Spdwy) or write for a copy of their newsletter, The Lone Star Sierran, 7722 Pella, Houston, Tx., 77036.



★ ★ ★ J.J. CALE ★ ★ ★

Liberty
Hall

2 shows nightly

FRI SAT 8PM-11PM	SUNDAY 7PM-10PM
2.50 advance 3.00 at door	2.00 advance 2.50 at door

Feb

18 19 20

B.B. KING



FEBRUARY 18 // MUSIC HALL // 7:00 PM AND 10:30 PM // TICKETS: 3.50 - 4.50 - 5.50 - DISC RECORDS AND THE PAISLEY COMPANY

RARE GEM

SAVE THE BIG THICKET!

The Big Thicket, a unique and irreplaceable wilderness located in southeast Texas, is under attack by lumber and real estate interests which are in the process of converting it into pine plantation and residential property. Now less than one-tenth its original are, the Big Thicket is in grave danger of disappearing altogether and ONCE GONE, IT WILL NEVER RETURN.

There is some hope that Congress can be persuaded to set aside a part of the Thicket for a national park, but only if enough people take action NOW. Clip the petition printed below, sign it along with four of your friends and mail it to E. O. Kindschy, 27190 Lana, Conroe, TX 77301, today. Signers must be of voting age and must include their addresses.

Sign the Petition

WE THE UNDERSIGNED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESPECTFULLY DEMAND THAT CONGRESS TAKE INSTANT AND EFFECTIVE ACTION TO PRESERVE A MEANINGFUL PORTION OF THE EAST TEXAS BIG THICKET FOR ENJOYMENT AND EDUCATION OF FUTURE GENERATIONS OF AMERICANS.

Name

Address

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

unclassifieds

RIDE WANTED to Los Angeles, around mid-March; will share expenses. Call 763-8700 (Galveston).

PREGNANT WOMAN needs furniture, Desk, couch, dresser, table, 813 Fargo, Terry, 528-7681.

NEEDED: Individual with his or her stuff together in the field of law and bookkeeping to do books, payroll, etc. for small const. co. Send resume to: Mark Mason, C/O Meta-physical Const. Co., 4910 Saxon.

1970 KAWASAKI: 350 cc, \$450, Call 862-3156.

RAY & TANYA THOMPSON: As of Feb 1, we still have not received your letter, and do not have your address! Call Jeri collect here in Charleston, S.C. Randy & Dee.

OSCILLOSCOPES: EICO Model 460 — \$100, (2) Lavoie Model LA 239D — \$100 & \$50, Heath IMPscope — \$150. For more information, call 643-0417.

GUITARIST & PERCUSSIONIST wanted to combine with keyboard and bass for cosmical energy production. Into original material. Call 692-8843 or 672-7883.

ARIA STANDARD GUITAR: good condition, \$40. 692-8843.

PSYCHIC READINGS: Betty Lockhart, 529-2485. By appointment only.

GARAGE SALE: Several families; furniture, baby stuff, clothes, albums, tapes, books, jewelry, freaky stuff, etc. Feb 18-20 (Fri-Sun), 10 am-9 pm at 705 W. Main. All items good condition, super cheap!

BABYSITTING in my home — hours flexible, \$3 a day, \$4 if overnight. Liberal atmosphere, 908 Welch. Ask for Aunt Gladys.

LIKE TO TRADE your 28 mm f3.5 Auto Nikkor for a 200 mm f4 Auto Nikkor in perfect condition? Call Harris at 295-6211, extension 553.

1965 HONDA 305, good condition; 11,500 miles; helmet included. \$250. 529-1678.

FOR SALE: Senith "Circle of Sound" stereo w/ stand, large record rack, headphone junction box, new needle. Good condition. \$100 cash. Jim or Carolyn, 522-8412.

MEN'S CLOTHING SALE, dress & casual; new & used, very reasonable. Sat, Feb 19, noon 'til 5. 1419 Hyde Park, Apt. 17.

KEYBOARD & BASSMAN wanted (with vocal abilities) for new rock band. Call Rick 673-2331, or Mark 774-4275.

WANTED: VOLUNTEERS for Honest George McGovern. 10-4, Tue-Sat. Call 524-2715.

MUSICIANS: FRUSTRATED? Can't find people who do what you do? I'm a keyboardist who regards Yes as the best group playing. I want to write creative, satisfying "orchestral" music. I do own a Moog synthesizer and plan to utilize it to the utmost. If this sounds good then all you lonely guitarists, bassists, drummers, and/or vocalists, call me: Pat, 444-7979 or 444-7474.

PRISONER WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND with anyone who feels a need for expression. Please include my prisoner number on all mail. Jimmy Sullivan, no. 76432, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio, 44901.

HASSLED BY COPS? Anyone who has been hassled by Houston police within the past 6 months, esp. for hitch-hiking, and particularly by Officers Davenport (Badge no. 1579) and Binford (1557) please call 529-8351.

YOUNG MALE CONVICT, one year left in prison, desires correspondence with anyone, no discriminations, all letters answered. Forward mail to: Cleophus Parkey no. 127-459 P.O. Box 511 Columbus, Ohio 43216

INFANT CARE near med center. Experienced mother of two, Judith Roth, 666-7916.

BUSTED & AWAITING TRIAL in Chicago. Would like to receive mail. Ellice Purdue, 2600 So. Calif. Ave., 7110600, Tier D-1, Chicago, IL 60608.

FOR SALE: Several double mattresses in good shape. Go by 2014 Commonwealth Street in evenings.

JUDY: Enjoyed your letter very much. Will write as soon as possible. Noelle.

DISCIPLE of Bramadhanda needs modest living quarters. Funds available. Please contact Gerald Edward c/o G. D., Kemah, Texas, 77565.

DUAL TURNTABLE, Scott amp., Fisher speakers, Great condition, \$325. 667-1073.

unclassifieds

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Unclassifieds, Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston, 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women and gay people. Not all "sex ads" are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't. We will generally accept ads however, for roommates which specify gay or straight, male or female, to avoid possible confusion when two parties get together. Space City! reserves the right to reject any ad, or to change or delete portions not in keeping with our policy.



money for a meal at the cafe.

The Last Picture live."

cont. from 8
people getting rich, rich people getting poor, or everybody staying the same — all the choices and the situations were perfectly clear. Clear because the movie world in which they existed was equally clear.

If nostalgia can be pure, then there are grounds for a pure nostalgia about the movies. It isn't that anyone wants to follow the example of John Wayne; we want to exercise our phantasy options in a world as coherent as John Wayne's.

Film in general is not a particularly subtle art form, and the big studios didn't even know the meaning of the word. Perhaps only by default, then, the movies were for many the only centripetal force in an age when — as in all ages — the world is ugly, and the people are mean.

The closing of the only movie theater in a small Texas town is more than a metaphor for urbanization. It is symbolic of the passing of a movie era — and an era in our national consciousness. Phantasy it may have been, but it was coherent phantasy.

VI

I may be stressing the movie-within-a-movie sequences largely out of default. The real-life, up-front world of *The Last Picture Show* is totally foreign to me. I look forward to seeing the film again with a Texas audience — will it move them in ways it doesn't me? — but meanwhile I cannot speak to the issue of its accuracy, of its reality. In a sense, I'm dis-

cont. on next page

by John Goodwin

Sacco and Vanzetti; a film by Giuliano Montaldo; screenplay by Giuliano Montaldo and Fabrizio Onofri; cinematography by Silvano Ippoliti; music by Ennio Morricone; starring Gian Maria Volante, Riccardo Cucciola, Cyril Cusack, Milo O'Shea, Geoffrey Keen, William Prince, Claude Mann. Color. Rated GP, at the Windsor Theater.

Nicola Sacco and Bartolemeo Vanzetti were tried at Dedham in the Superior Court of Massachusetts for Norfolk County, May 31 to July 14, 1921, for the murder of F.A. Parmenter and A. Berardelli at South Braintree, April 15, 1920. Both were immigrants to America from Italy. Sacco earned his living repairing shoes, Vanzetti, selling fish. They were also anarchists.

On July 15, 1921, they were sentenced to death in the electric chair for their crimes.

On Aug. 21, Sacco and Vanzetti will have been dead for 45 years. Their trial still represents one of the most monstrous crimes committed in the name of legal justice in America. The indignities which they suffered were drawn out for more than six years from the time of their sentence, due to numerous unsuccessful attempts to retry their case, and to reduce the severity of the sentence.

Dehumanized both by their long imprisonment and by political and social groups who sought to make their ordeal a symbol of injustice, glorified and damned by the press and the public, they had already been made helpless pawns in our nation's dark legacy of moral failure, even before they were finally pronounced dead in the name of the law.

A tragic momentum of decisions, events and uncontrolled emotionalism made the outcome an inevitable one, in spite of the anguished protest of millions, of widely different political persuasions, all over the world.

Giuliano Montaldo's film *Sacco and Vanzetti* is a rare and affecting assimilation of the political and social climate, the personalities, the events, the long process that provided the lonely inquisition. Montaldo's historical veracity, his sense of significant detail, his discretion with the issues that the story of the two men represent, enforces, rather than dilutes, his powerful moral vision of their seven years of authorized persecution.

He also explores the potential oversimplifications of ideology and sentiment without succumbing to the superficial answers which they could too easily provide.

One of the most admirable things about Montaldo's treatment of history is that it makes no pretentious issue of authenticity. In light of his perceptive, essentially faithful representation of the events, there is no need to. He simply tells the story, and the resulting style, as daringly theatrical as it is, is a perfect complement to his philosophical viewpoint.

The story is not one of two men transformed into scapegoats, acceptable human sacrifices, or into saints, symbols of a kind of spiritual victory over injustice, but of two men who, despite an exaggerated, artificial melodramatic series of events which manipulated their destiny, were simply two men, Victims of history.

Stylistically, Montaldo captures the feeling of the death grip of history by underlining the operatic historicities, the baroque convolutions of chance and circumstance which ensnared Sacco and Vanzetti, and which reflected, in a larger way, the volatile and polarized social and political framework that allowed the events to occur.

But the result is not really melodrama. It is not something that Montaldo has artificially imposed upon the surface of events; instead Montaldo uses melodrama almost as

"...a desperate human crisis..."

Sacco and Vanzetti

metaphor. The system itself, the process of events, the public eye, the long destructive formalities are all tragically melodramatic. It is not merely that they are inhuman circumstances, they are so far removed from the free and the natural that they force human beings into exaggerated poses, superficial roles and manipulate human destinies in the most ponderous and fiction-like manner.

What is revealed is a desperate human crisis in which the participants are grotesquely outfitted as characters in a melodrama, pushed and pulled about by absurdly contrived events that meet in operatic confrontations. And in the end, instead of a surprise happy ending and a triumphant curtain call, Sacco and Vanzetti die in the electric chair, a savage finale to a seven year melodrama that involved the entire world.

The perspective is incisive. It gives the distance and scope that prevents the film from being facile or sentimental. And it is perfectly complemented by the intelligent and tasteful camerawork of Silvano Ippoliti; his work reflects strength, variety and economy without nervousness and gimmickry.

The film contains two distinct movements. The first builds to the sentence at the end of the trial and is rapid, taut, theatrical. It is also the more effective because it concentrates more on the process, details and formalities of the political system that Montaldo uses so effectively. The second half is, deliberate, agonizing, fugue-like, contributing balance and substance to the first part.

Part of the brilliance of the first of the film is the way Montaldo, Fabrizio Onofri (who co-authored the script with Montaldo) and Ippoliti unify and give momentum to fragments of events. A black and white pseudo-documentary example of the persecution of immigrants and radicals by the government, flashed newspaper headlines reflecting the polarization and emotionalism of public sentiment and the confused conscience of the free press, a tense and dramatic news conference with Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, who ominously defends his government's defenseless role in the dealing with the "Red scare" create a succinct picture of the social and political climate.

In the highly effective police lineup scene, the camera moves from the harsh, white-lighted figures of Sacco and Vanzetti forced into artificial poses associated with criminals, to closeups of the witnesses that blur into amber-toned, confused and partial recollections of the crime. The film

rapidly describes the stops in their destiny and enforces it by remarkably sensitive introductory portraits of the personalities that are to be instrumental in the trial and aftermath. Fredrick G. Katzman, district attorney, first seen examining the suspects through the small observation doors in the cell — keen, calculating, saturnine, appropriately chilling for a thoroughly professional devil's advocate. Fred H. Moore, defense attorney, clever, self-assured, unfortunately lacking the conservative virtues of humility and simplicity in line with the interests of men whose social backgrounds create a public assumption of guilt.

The building of the trial scene is one of the film's triumphs. The jury entering the courtroom is immediately set up as a defender of orthodoxy and tradition; the first picture of Judge Webster Thayer is his outraged glance at Moore, decked out in flamboyant tie, rakish suit and sandals. Interrogation of prosecution witnesses is interspersed with their own incomplete memories, with Katzmann leading them toward greater certainty than they possess, and Moore retaliating with aggression and hostility that contribute almost equally to the divided and hysterical emotional climate of the courtroom. The depiction of the robbery and shooting becomes even more frighteningly graceful when we discover at the end that it is a police reenactment. The excitement created in the courtroom at each of the turning points that affect the course of the trial is electric and original. For the final sentence, Montaldo creates such a sense of celebratory anticipation from the defense and sympathizers that he manages to turn the inevitable into a stunning shock.

The second part of the film, less dramatic in contrast to the simple and powerful narrative line of the first, gathers potent momentum by the end of the film. Particularly moving is the scene in which attorney Thompson eloquently denounces the injustice of the legal system which has for the final time refused to reopen the Sacco-Vanzetti case. For the ending, the camerawork returns to the black and white pseudo-documentary style of the first scene. A touching letter from Sacco to his son forms an introduction to his walk to the electric chair. The dimming of the electricity in his cell indicates to Vanzetti that his time has come; he makes a last protestation of innocence before he is strapped into the chair — and the lights dim again.

As Sacco and Vanzetti, Riccardo Cucciola and Gian Maria Volante are exceptional. Their performances maintain extreme energy throughout, de-

cont. on next page

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW

qualified: I've never lived in a small Texas town, and I was a long way from high school in 1951.

So it's the *aesthetic* dimension of *The Last Picture Show* that attracts me. Fortunately, the director seems to feel the same attraction.

Bogdanovich, too, stresses the heightened reality of movie-as-movie. In a crucial substitution, the last movie to play the theater before it closes is Howard Hawks' *Red River* — and not the Audie Murphy B-western used in the novel.

To historians of the movies, *Red River* is a landmark, the sea-change in a uncompleted history. *Red River*, made in 1948, starred John Wayne and Montgomery Clift in a father-and-son story analogous to the history of western movies. Or, more appropriately, a *truncated* history.

Hawks (always the bridesmaid) took the John Ford myth in the person of John Wayne, and made a movie about the passing of that myth to the "new boy." The new boy was Montgomery Clift, the hottest young actor in the business and a symbol to many people of a whole new style of acting. (Brando, obviously, was another.) The problem was that the myth did *not* pass; it only dried up.

The movies never grew up — and I'm talking about the mass-audience product — because they were just crawling out of infancy when they lost their audience to television. Clift — even Brando — never had the chance to operate as grown-up versions of the old movie myths. They were stuck with flexing their muscles in a flattering realm — while the old myths, like John Wayne, stayed on as bizarre old talismans.

The Last Picture Show is about a boy and a town who have come to the *Red River* and can't get across.

VII

As surely as progress is our least important product, time has become our greatest enemy. Accumulated time creates accumulated force. Perhaps the most horrible realization of growing up is that moment when it becomes apparent that time passes faster and faster. And the world seems to suffer from the same malaise.

To examine a moment *out of time* is a workable definition of the classic mode. And at this *time*, "classic" is "moral." I'm sticking with the statement on the front cover.

— Alex Stern

copyright 1972, the Turtle & Trollop Press, Birmingham, Michigan.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

cont. from 13

lineated with impressive skill and variety, and a vital sense of the distinctive, wearing effects of seven years of persecution. Cucciola's Sacco is innocent, alert, tortured by the fears his intelligence and imagination create in him, driven to a breakdown by the contradiction of his innocence and his condemnation. By the end of the film he is already a death mask, his capacity for feeling worn down and reflected in his aged and empty face. Volonte's Vanzetti is a man whose magnetic strength and animal pride make him too powerful a figure to be either criminal or martyr; he is deeply divided between his desperate desire to save his and Sacco's lives and to retain his own uncowering sense of personal dignity.

Because Cucciola as Sacco is allowed a greater range of transformations in the course of the film, Volonte's performance is even more remarkable, capturing in an artless gesture, a change in the eyes, a movement of the mouth both the anguish of confinement and the desperate desire for communication. His eloquent speeches are deeply moving, not because of his rhetorical facility but because they rise out of his struggle with the English language and a deep longing to make himself understood. Interestingly, Volonte's voice is dubbed in by another actor, but it so excellently done that I would never have known

without having been told, a tribute both to Volonte and his anonymous voice.

There are other outstanding performances. Milo O'Shea as Moore develops a flamboyant sense of legal theatrics that many critics have dismissed as self-conscious over-acting, but it is exactly Moore's inflated feeling of self-importance that causes his inadequate defense of the accused. This awareness is reflected in the understated embarrassment of his last scene, in which he is hardly able to face the members of the defense committee he has served for so long, perhaps wrongly. Cyril Cusack as Katzmman is only slightly less dramatic a figure, rational and persistent in the pursuit of his pure ideal of merciless justice. William Prince as William G. Thompson, the attorney who took over the defense after Moore stepped down in late 1924, is a subtle contrast to the professional public performances of O'Shea and Cusack. His unflinching belief in the innocence of the two men is made tragic by a detached faith in the judicial process, the factor that so long postponed his personal involvement in the case. His final speech before Judge Thayer is a sensitive, uncomplicated reflection of Thompson's personal tragedy. Geoffrey Keen's Thayer seems unnecessarily villainous, but the key to the film's approach to his character is in that first shot of outrage at Moore's immoderate garb. The obvious irony that Thayer is an arbiter incapable of reserving judgment makes him appear as a stage villain, but the final judg-

ment lies within the system and its artificial and arbitrary casting of roles.

As admirable and moving as the film is, there are flaws. The most disturbing is a gratuitous ballad introduced three times in the film, with soaring, overstated music by Morricone and vulgarly sentimental lyrics by Joan Baez, who if she had seen the film, obviously didn't understand it. Besides undermining the unsentimental approach to the characters of the two men, the music also worked against a feeling for historical period which Montaldo had not compromised by imposing artificial relevance.

There are expository scenes and minor characters (most notably, Claude Mann as the journalist who assists Thompson) that serve adequately Montaldo's structural demands but come off with a shallow lack of credibility compared with the rest of the film. There are details and nuances (particularly those of language to which Montaldo would not likely be as sensitive as an American) which are incongruous or simply not authentic, but for all of its microscopic errors, Montaldo has provided a macrocosmic sense of place and period and a strong human perspective that render such technical errors inconsequential.

Sacco and Vanzetti is a work of integrity and imagination — an affirmation of freedom that is rare and fragile in the grinding mechanical worlds of political systems and movie making.

Been Down So Long (It Looks Like Up to Me)

[Ed. Note: With the publication of this review, we feel it necessary to remind our readers that all material printed in *Space City!* does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the *Space City!* collective. This reminder is particularly relevant in regard to Mr. Finlay's comment about "woman's nest building instincts."]

Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up is a film that one comes to believe in before its end. Barry Primus plays a 1958 Jack Keroauc type, a tie-dyed Socrates, an anesthetized Zorba the Greek. He's beat, and he hangs around dodging demons, smoking pot, chasing girls.

The movie (screenplay based on the Richard Farina novel) is interesting historically in that its characters are literate, academic types in search of meaning and reality, and the focus of their search is in an examination of the occult, through a feeling for poetry and jazz. They are introspective, thinking, individual beings. Their escape, they realize, must come from

themselves, and that makes them different from the Woodstock hipsters of today who drown themselves in loud, loud music and are blind to all but strobe lights.

Beat Barry comes back to college from a quest for desert truth, and meets Linda DeCoff, who, I believe, some of you will remember as the sexy little girl in *The Strange World Of Henry Orient* who wore a mink coat while jumping from bench to bench in a slow motion scene in Central Park.

She plays a 20 year old Rose Kennedy type, ivy league clothes, well scrubbed with icy blue eyes, and puts this virgin rap on Barry (art imitating life) and begs him to trust her. He does, and when he's hooked on her, she lays the word on him. The WORD is America's message: to be doing something, one's body must be in motion.

Barry tries to explain to her in so many words that one can be doing

something while standing still. Of course, she doesn't dig it: it takes a special sort of mind, which, I believe, woman's nest building instincts prevent them from having. She tells him to get straight or get lost, so he gets stoned and shows up in Habana with a pair of his friends who have found direction through revolution.

While his friends are out fighting, Barry finds he has the clap — his straight honey put it on him — and falls into a pastel opium den and vomits his way along the waterfront. While he wallows in his suffering, his friend gets ripped off by Batista's boys, and the movie ends with Barry covering up the grave in a lush jungle.

The movie is painted in dark Rousseauian colors and the mood of dynamic drifting, which every Republican administration engenders comes across, and, if nothing else, one learns what the lost sensitive kids of 1958 were doing besides waiting around for the Peace Corps to be formed.

— Robert Finlay



NEED NEW WHEELS?

CASH FOR YOUR CAR

A SALE :

- '64 VW Bug \$350
- '69 Alpine Super GT \$875
- '67 VW Bus Deluxe, extra clean \$975
- '70 Sabaru, perfect condition \$707

Drive out (price includes tax & transfer)

Two '70 Beville conv., both new, both loaded \$4450 each

WE TRADE TOO!

DEALER'S LEASING

1759 Richmond Ave.

526-7118

Doctor John, The Night Tripper

All day long I could scarcely contain myself. Doctor John was to be playing at Liberty Hall, Doctor John, the Night Tripper and undisputed king of voodoo-rock complete with his traveling band direct from, that's right, Hollywood.

We strolled in while the first show was in full swing. The band was working over "Don't you Just Know it," from old favorite Huey "Piano" Smith. A cool black on electric bass was in tight blue jeans, with metal studs every 4 inches down both legs. The two gris-gris girls, one in purple, one in brown robes, with silver bracelets and glitter on their bare shoulders and arms. One looked Cuban, with a gigantic red/black afro, the other a slinky dark woman. There were two drummers on three drum sets. The African drums plus upright snares and cymbals were handled dextrously by a robed West Indian. The regular drum set was presided over by an impish gypsy in fringed muslin shirt. On electric piano and organ was an Italian cat looking like he was in search of a cozy piano bar. A suspicious guitarist in brown burnoose lurked in the shadows. And Doctor John.

*You're somewhere ellllllssssseee in the twilight zone
You know down in my heart y'know
You strung out in the twilight zone.*

Doctor John is a big man and would go some 250 or so unclothed. This night he chose to be clad in fur knee boots, stitched leather jerkins, fringed Mexican peasant shirt and orange/purple/red velour coatcape. His 6'3" or so were augmented by a monumental headdress with snakeskin headband, with 30-odd bright yellow, blue, green, red plumes a foot tall amid jet black fluff. He had six or eight necklaces, bells on his headband and the piece de resistance — a rubber shrunken head, sewn lips and all, affixed in the center of the headpiece.

*Mix a little ju-ju in there
with hoodoo
And you gets voo doo.*

The mind boggled and the eyes balked at the very sight. I wanted to ask him if he got himself up like that just to jam around the house but I was never able to penetrate the retinue of band and friends backstage to meet him.

As if in retaliation the crowd was bizarre enough to cause some of the stares to be turned around. It was the Sunday of Mardi Gras week and 10 to 15% of the audience had come in costume. There were guys in drag, cowboys, skeletons and other masked indecipherable delights roaming through a crowd providing some visual feedback. Three people danced off to

one side while the crowd at the bar methodically wiped out all the beer and wine in the house. Three groupie candidates gyrated behind the drumsets in the throes of something or other. Would you want your sister to be a groupie to Doctor John?

John growls his stoneraps to the audience in blues-Wolfman talk. He has a full beard to go with the outfit and his face is painted in vivid red and lime-green stripes in Indian fashion. Visions of nineteenth century fur trapper, fifteenth century Aztec chieftan swarm to mind.

The show proceeds to a close with a reworking of "America" getting highly dramatic as all the instruments fall off after an intense jam leaving only the voices....

*O beautiful for spacious skies
and amberwaves of grain*

When they hit the "sea" in "from sea to shining sea" the eight break back into their respective frenzies. Then Dr. John rose from his spot at the massive wooden piano and gathered his staff of fur skins, bells, feathers, beads and who knows what else and ambled off. The gris-gris girls soon follow, the band winds it down and the early show is over.

The tunes from his four Atco albums were played notably: "Twilight Zone," "Black John the Conqueror," "Familiar Reality" and "Mama Roux." Each one served merely as a bridge for the band to work from into a loose jam framework they call "Dixieland Jazz." There are lots of searing guitar passages and acid rock interchanges most especially when John picks up his Gibson to saw off his solos. The second show saw the addition of an added male vocalist and a local guitarist, Joey Long, who sat in on the entire second set, beefing the rhythm section up and freeing Dr. J from

pickin' duties so he could ramble around the stage shaking his staff or pounding the drum heads attached thereto. At times it got loud and pretty insane as well.

*Ca limbo la rambo. Gris-gris co-limba
Jack be limbo
Old King Cole had a whole gang of
Soul
But he couldn't slide hisself under
a limbo pole*

Red and orange bathe the stage as eerie moans cross over with John's incantations. He rises with his staff and begins shaking it, snaking around the stage through the undulating bass with writhing gris-girls. The bands' solid backbone of two drums, electric organ, and three guitars pound out a Bo Diddley beat. Then...

*Walk on thru the fire
Stilllllllllllde thru the smoke
Walk on guilded needles
See what they can do*

John spins around brandishing his staff and sprinkles the first four rows with greenfire glitter from his black knee-to-navel pouch studded with trinkets like diadems mounted on black velvet.

*Till I Burn Up
Till I Burn Up
When I rolled out of my coffin
Drank the poison out of my
chalice*

There are fifteen dancers now in the corner doing the endless boogie; some are costumed, some are not.

Who does he remind me of? Well, he has a lot of the bombast of Lightning Hopkins, the gravelly low voice of Captain Beefheart or Wolfman Jack. The music was not earth-shakingly good. It was good and hard somewhat reminiscent of Santana, although those

cont. on 16

24 Hr. Service

THE FOX GETS YOU ON THE STREET... FAST!

FOX BAIL BONDING

Roy Neugent - Owner
State, County, & Fed
224-7701

ZONE 6

A NEW DIMENSION IN CLOTHING

MALE

SLACKS AND JEANS

1216 WESTHEIMER
(NEXT TO BUDGET TAPES)
11 AM - 9 PM MON - SAT
522-4592

MALE slacks sold only by H-K Corp., Atlanta, Georgia

Dr. John

cont. from 15

who came only for music were possibly a little disappointed. But those who sought entertainment or came out of curiosity went home fully sated. Can you just imagine Dr. John at an airline ticket counter facing a nervous airline employee trying to wait on him and his coterie while they blow every question on the Personality Profile chart to bits. Would you let him on the plane?

Of course they did "Got my Mo-Jo Working." And "Black John the

Conqueror" for about ten minutes. In front of me a man in complete bridal regalia and full drag dances towards his next embrace at the whim of his partner in red satin cape and black satin jockstrap with black net stockings and black feathers. Masked, naturally. In the corner 25 people twisted in silent ecstasy. You decide if it was real. Surreal?

You better hurry up and know that

— John M. Lomax

Goose Creek Symphony

The Goose Creek Symphony show last week at Liberty Hall was definitely a crowd pleaser.

For down home foot stompin' music they do get down. As performers, and there are eight of them, they have a polished act that still has an ad lib quality. The vocalists came through with some good country harmonies that would make Utah Carl proud and they generally energized the crowd.

They featured their two fiddle players on "The Corn Won't Grow" and the boys did real fine as did the pickers. Isn't it odd how well hippies can play country music and yet go unnoticed by the Country Music fans. Their loss is our gain, but music is communication and if there is something to be said, everyone should have

a chance to dig it. So much for social comment.

As for the music, there was no particular musician featured, since there were so many, but the sound trucked right on along. Goose Creek did a "gospel" tune that didn't seem particularly religious, but it was a change from their usual progression. All in all they got the patrons in a real fine mood.

But in fairness to Grezzy Wheels, the Austin country band that led off, the crowd was pretty high on their music when Goose Creek took over. Grezzy Wheels played a happy set of typical Austin music and their little fiddle player played herself into the hearts of everyone.


— Tom Flowers

Thus the ancient kings made music
In order to honor merit,
And offered it with splendor
To the Supreme Deity,
Inviting their ancestors to be present.

The place was Liberty Hall and the musician magician was Dr. John, the Night Tripper. He is the full circle, conjuring the psychic spirit of Mardi Gras with his electrical hoodoo jazz. Dr. John with the help of seven more cosmic beings stunned us by playing such songs as "Babylon," "Twilight Zone," "The Lonesome Guitar Strangler," "Gris-Gris," "Madame Roux," and "Walk of Gilded Splinters." Very strange and different, all those that have never heard him should sometime.

Thanks to Mike and Linda Condray, we are again lucky to see such variety of talents so close to home.

— Scout Schacht



PREGNANT

NEED HELP?

For information on abortion, birth control, pregnancy tests and counseling call locally— call Problem Pregnancy Information Service, Inc. Counselors are on duty 24 hours a day. We will answer your questions completely and openly.

523-2521
523-7408
523-5354

Problem Pregnancy Information Service
209 Stratford St., Houston
Office hours 9:30 am—9:30 pm - 7 days

T.&L. Trucking Co.



641-0137

COMPLETE MOBILE HOME
SERVICE AND REPAIR

WE HAUL MOBILE
HOMES ANYWHERE

General Hauling Anything-Anywhere

HEIGHTS HEAD SHOP

515 West 11th st.

862-6463

MON.-SAT.

NOON
9 P.M.

HMMM... LETS SEE NOW...
PIPES, CANDLES, CLIPS,
POSTERS, BEADS, PATCHES,
PAINT, LIGHTS, INCENSE,
COMIX.....



Pickup
SPACE CITY!
HERE.

© KLING

german auto service

VW SERVICE ONLY
3000 MILLAM 524-2011
NO RIP-OFF PRICES



SEE THE BURGER MACHINE AT

ROLANDO'S Burger Factory



28¢ Beer-
Open 'til midnite
(Kirby factory
only)

Offering 20 Varieties of Charcoal Burgers

2902 KIRBY
528-9230

1739 RICHMOND
528-8865

FOR "TO GO" ORDERS CALL YOUR NEAREST FACTORY

MONDAY
February 21
at
THE PALACE CLUB
3400 Montrose—Penthouse
TWO SHOWS
10:00 pm & Midnight

Tickets — \$3.50

Available at:

Mr. Fantasy
Evans Music City
Paisley Co.
Houston Blacklight
(all locations)
and THE PALACE CLUB

LIMITED NUMBER
OF TICKETS
AVAILABLE

Presented by Palace Productions
and
The Palace Club



Skit One

"If anyone asks me, why am I dressed like *This* riding a bicycle?, I'll just look up and say, 'My wife just did the laundry.' " with a gringful mean-look on my face.

I'll just ride along with my son on the back
& see if anyone tries to stop me

I! own this Law just as much as anyone — Anyone!
but not any One, and I'm One!

Why don't we say *This* more? to *everyone* we meet?
What *Is* the matter? don't we know our lines?
there *are* no lines

you just have to feel 'em" "!!,:)

Title:

Go Ride Your Bicycle

i look adorable!

wearing my long-johns

— Harvey Keen
Houston

Skit Two

. . . . before he becomes absorbed by all nature around him; before the trees become his brothers and the soft breeze his bed in which to lay and feel the pulse of the earth run through his veins & tissues and all his eyes and touchings and Minds; before the harmony was total and complete, a grinding murmur appeared among the bare opened sounds of the land, and it grew! it grew in sounds so furious, it drowned all healthy sounds of the land, it grew until his mind rang something totally black and unhealthy. And it said, "Kiillliining" in a voice that stank of the lowest thoughts — and it alone was alive in his ears — ringing his mind to death. His eyes felt its darkness emerging from the blinding mist. It was in front of him coming around from behind the tall grass — suspicious bend in the road — snorting — roaring & grinding its death — blasting! past his shivering body — scraping Nature from his mind as though he never existed!

Car finished its climax through his being
as it passed

— Harvey Keen
Houston



Skit Three

The environment is choosing its food & we live it

I am infallible!
we *all* are infallible!
the animals are infallible!
we are infallible walking through time!
nothing is fallible!
we are All in our time!
doing our being

what ever we are being

say to all your underprivileged neighbors, "I'm sorry
I've been trying to make you disappear from my mind all
these years." and mean it! vote *against* someone — &
vote for someone else who's trying to change it *too*.

— Harvey Keen
Houston



GENERAL PANTS CO.



FEATURING The Latest Styles from California!



GENERAL PANTS CO.

COMPLETE
3-PC. OUTFIT
FOR GUYS OR GALS!

REG. \$19.95

5⁹⁸

Outfit includes
Body shirt, flare
pants and wide belt.
High-styled
boutique shirts in
a big selection of
styles and fabrics.
Belts are a full 1 3/4"
wide in black or
brown. Sizes 28-40.
Big selection of
flare pants in all
sizes and styles!

FEATURING
THE LATEST
STYLES FROM
CALIFORNIA!



FANNIN AT CLEBURNE
(BLOCK FROM SEARS)
Phone 521-0017
OPEN MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY
CLOSING 6:00 PM

NAM Cont. from 3

After the meeting, we talked with one of the people who hopes to organize a NAM chapter in Austin.

Space City: *What do you think was the emphasis behind starting NAM?*

NAM Rep: A whole lot of people had the idea that the left was getting into two bags; one was isolationism, doing community work but not reaching out to anyone new or getting into a lot of inward things and not doing anything at all; and the other tendency was to get into old left sectarian groups and the centralist Marxist-Lenist groups. I think the original idea of the people behind it was that you had to find a middle ground between those, to bring the community emphasis and the working class emphasis together. It essentially is a way to bring socialism to people who have never encountered it before, and bringing it in a very open sort of way and a very free sort of way. Of course a lot of people had been thinking about that for quite a while, especially since SDS fell apart.

Space City: *What was it about the conference that impressed you?*

NAM Rep: One thing, of course, was the emphasis on developing programs, programs that would reach more people than the constituency we had traditionally reached. I know in the workshop I was in, it was really hard to decide what to vote for; the issue was not whether it was counter revolutionary or not, it was purely practical: what's the best thing to do right now.

Space City: *Is there a difference between NAM and other left organizations?*

NAM Rep: Our willingness to be open, our willingness to make sure people understand what were talking about; that this isn't a group just for some students or some of the hip people, but that it's a movement that is going to try to speak to the needs of everybody. The program you bring to people has to really have something to do with their lives or they're not going to pick up on it.

There's a feeling in NAM that we have to have an eternal democracy, that we have to have a lot of opinions floating around. There's a real desire to bring a lot of different people under one umbrella organization, people who may disagree but people who basically agree that they are fighting the same enemy and that they want to see the same kind of society even if they disagree on the details.

Space City: *What tactics will be used?*

NAM Rep: I think it will take the form of less confrontation and demonstrations, less of that and more long term organizing projects; an attempt to build ongoing coalitions between people in the work place and people in the community. I don't think in the next few years there is going to be anything dramatic about NAM, I don't think they're going to come out and organize any big demonstrations. That doesn't mean there won't be a national presence. I think they'll tend to take positions nationally and those will come out in the press.

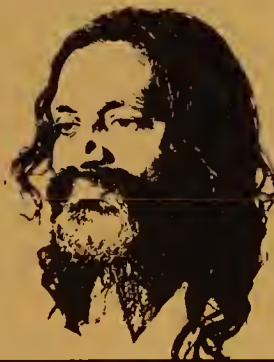
Space City: *What about electoral politics?*

NAM Rep: That was talked about as an alternative but was not adopted as a national priority.

He closed by saying that he would encourage people to join NAM now if they agree with the basic principles because it is not a fully-formed organization yet and it is possible to shape the final form of the organization by joining it.

Those interested in NAM should write to NAM, 529 Cedar Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55401.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION



Transcendental meditation is a natural spontaneous technique which allows each individual to expand his conscious mind and improve all aspects of his life.

Introductory Lecture Feb 24 8:00 pm
University of Houston U. C. Honors Hall

Students' International Meditation Society
— non-profit educational organization —
526-2582

SANDEE'S NOW SERVING HOMEMADE FOOD

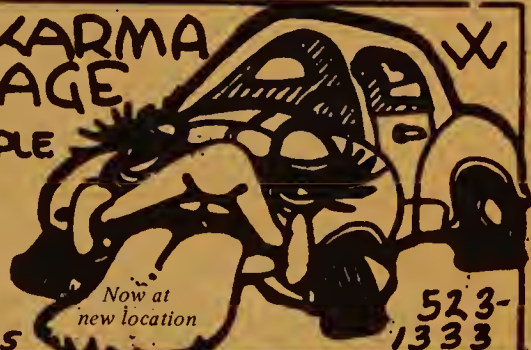
LIVE BAND EVERY WEEKEND

4822 South Park

COME COMFORTABLE

GOOD KARMA GARAGE

FREAKY PEOPLE
DON'T HAVE
TO HAVE
FREAKY
CARS
3702 TRAVIS



Now at
new location

523-
1333

Letters

1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004

Beware of Ma Bell

Space City!

Last week Space City! published the 1972 long distance codes. Before you go hogwild over the lines, bend an ear to a tale of woe from one who spotted last years' codes a year ago and recently got caught. The first thing to realize is that kindly ol' Ma Bell is hopping mad about this infringement of their facilities. They have added hundreds of investigators with law-enforcement backgrounds and are really determined to cut back on this revenue loss which they say cost them \$66 million dollars in 1970. You can get caught by doing the unpardonable sin of placing the call from your house. (A little IBM card will be punched out from the tape with your number, the number you called and the time and charges *regardless* of anything you tell the operator.) Or the operator may hang on the line, or the party you called may turn you in inadvertently. If you do get caught you may be interested to know that the offense is a felony. It is a violation of the Texas Penal Code, fraud section, and can net you from 2-7 years in the big house. They will try to get you to sign a statement acknowledging your participation. Don't! Don't sign it or any paper without first consulting an attorney. Once the phone boys do get a victim they exhibit all the compassion of a blood-crazed pack of hungry piranhas. For making four calls on a bogus card number they forced my employer to fire me without ever charging me, going to court or making an attempt for a financial settlement. Know your enemy and act accordingly. You may think it is a lark but I can assure you that the phone co. considers it theft. If you have any suggestions please send them to the letters section.

- F. Kappel
Houston

Friends of the Forest

Dear Space City!,

A month or two back, you all published a petition blank from a Save The Big Thicket group. I tore it out and got several friends to agree to sign. We was agonna write them a letter. Then, I lost the address.

I sure would appreciate it if you would check your files and republish the address of said conservation bunch. I bet some of your other readers would like it, too. Forests can't argue, we human beans gotta do it for them.

Everybody keep growin',
Jeff Williams
Houston

(The address is E. O. Kindschy,
27190 Lana, Conroe, Tx 77301.
In fact, for those who may have
missed it, the petition itself has
been printed again on page 12 of
this issue.-Ed.)

Keep America Beautiful

Space City!

Just an idea...

Ricky was pissed-off. Ricky hated big highway signs. Ricky had a chain saw. Ricky also had a plan and the natural ability to organize. This ability came from many hours spent rapping about rip-offs from the government and big business. All he had to do was to get several of his friends as pissed-off at the goddamned bill boards that were springing up everywhere, as he was. Not a hard trick.

Within the week, Ricky had a following of five able-bodied, even if slightly fucked-up, highly motivated Bill Board Manglers and three semi-operative chain saws.

Then came the night of the first raid. Seven big, ugly signs came tumbling down. Later, six stoned and satisfied freaks sat smoking a 9" long super joint, rolled from some of the

sign paper from one of the now demolished bill boards which had proclaimed "Houston and Mayor Welch ... a winning team."

Well, maybe you can't stop all the bad shit dished out by the bureaucrats and business men but it is amazing how a freak and a chain saw can cut right through to basic truths, and even expose a tree or two.

Name withheld
Houston

Fun for Your Lungs

Dear Sir:

Is there a conspiracy to kill off Texans in Houston and surrounding cities? First the E.P.A. consents to the burning of deadly cyanide over Houston, and now the Air Force intends to incinerate 2,865,000 gallons of poisonous orange herbicide, a defoliant too risky to be used in Viet Nam, over this already air polluted city.

Both these poisons were created by chemical methods and both can be

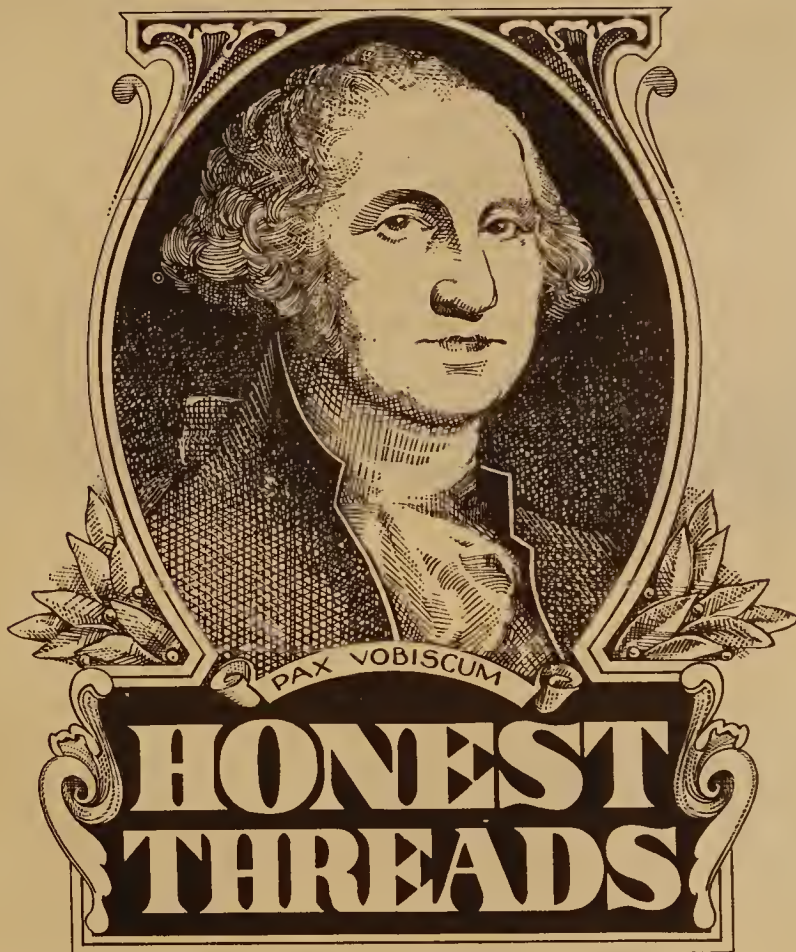
decomposed and detoxified by chemists so that they would not be a health menacing disposal problem. Of course, this takes money. Why are there always plenty of dollars around to manufacture poisons, but not a dime to switch them back to their original non-toxic compounds?

All this concern about cigarettes causing cancer seems a farce when our so-called health and anti-pollution agencies give their blessing to the poisoning of our air with disease and cancer causing cyanide and dangerous defoliants. What's happened to our smart and shrewd superior Texans? Has Houston air pollution already dulled and damaged your brains? Will you wake up and write your State Senators and Legislators to act now and effectively stop the burning of these deadly poisons over Houston, or will you sit on your hands until you're too dead to pick up your pen and fight back?

Sincerely yours,
Angela Niekamp

Clean Air and Water Action
Committee
PO Box 28183
San Antonio 78228

[Please, we repeat: No "sirs!"]



George's b'day party And sale

FEB 17 - 22

. FREE CAKE AND PUNCH

Most things reduced 20-50%

506 Westheimer

10:00-7:00 Mon - Sat

"...a hypnotizing and memorable event. . ."

American Ballet Theatre



Ivan Nagy



Martine van Hamel in *Etudes*

by Cassandra Stein

Ballet, like opera, is an art form that is the combination of many art forms. If they are all perfectly integrated, the performance becomes a hypnotizing and memorable event. Last week's presentations by New York's American Ballet Theatre, a first rate ballet company, reached this very high level of performance much of the time.

I saw three of ABT's presentations here, which are representative of their entire repertoire, classical, light classical and modern. Opening night began with a new work choreographed by ABT dancer Dennis Nahat, to The Brahms Quintet in G Major, Opus III. I found it to be a delightful piece.

Dancers in filmy tie-dye costumes moved in a rococo, spritelike fashion. A pas de deux was featured in each movement, and the soloists' technique was so perfect I was amazed to see that they were not the Company's first string dancers. I must mention especially Martine Van Hamel, who danced the Adagio — one of those very special dancers who seem not to be bound by laws of friction or gravity. Her pas de deux with Gayle Young was spellbinding.

The choreography of Brahms Quintet belonged perfectly to the music, and helped bring out its light pastoral quality. Mr. Nahat, who also performed in the piece, used such effective techniques as passing a movement between dancers to correspond to a theme passed along the instrumentalists.

The musicians themselves flawed the success of the piece. The chamber ensemble composed of part Houston and part New York musicians evidently did not have the time to adequately rehearse the quintet. Raggedness and intonation problems, especially in the third movement, took away some of the ethereal, escapist quality of the dance.

Next on the program was *La Fille Mal Gardee* (the poorly guarded daughter), which concerns a rich lady farmer who tries to marry her daughter off to a dumb, rich kid. But her daughter is in love with a smart, poor kid. Of course, all turns out right at the end.

This traditional burlesque has been altered in music and choreography since 1828. ABT uses the ballet as it was done in late 19th century Russia, and very appropriately, for the daughter was danced by Natalia Makarova, the Russian prima ballerina who defected to this country a few years back. She is glorious, a highly intelligent dancer whose technique seems endless. She made the near slapstick ballet really work by affecting a silly and innocent characterization, and then, Pow! With lead dancer Ivan Nagy, she really delivered the goods.

The ballet was funny, mostly because of Jan Fisher and Ruth Mayer who played two birdy, gossipy neighbors; Marcos Paredes, the scolding mother; and especially character dancer Michael Smuin as the idiot son who runs around with a butterfly net.

The next night *Giselle* was performed. This (along with *Swan Lake*) is one of the war horses of ballet. After seeing three different presentations, I feel that ABT comes off best in these traditional pieces, simply because the dancers as a group have such rare technique and coordination. A company can often fake a more modern work, but *Giselle* will be laughable if not done well.

The first act was beautiful, with bright costumes and gorgeous music (which is an orchestra killer, and which was played very well by the pick-up group). *Giselle's* death, at the end of Act I, has always been the beginning of the ballet for me. The second act opens at her grave where she becomes a Wilis. Wilis are maidens who died while still engaged to be married, and who now seek to destroy all men by making them dance to their death. The leader of the Wilis was danced by Martine van Hamel whose part consists of a series of torturously long solos that were executed with

terrific elegance. The traditional white-skirted corps de ballet was well synchronized and well matched — apparently all of the dancers are the same height.

Giselle and her lover Count Albrecht were Makarova and Nagy again. This ballet is considered about the most difficult for the male lead who is forced by the Wilis to dance on and on. Nagy is a real dancer, not an acrobat — a subtle distinction made clear mostly by the movement of the arms and hands. He can do any kind of leap with masculine grace and his turns show great control and smoothness.

The final pas de deux occurs after *Giselle* saves Albrecht and thus wins herself freedom from the Wilis to sleep again in the grave. This was absolutely hypnotic — the two moved as if they were extensions of each other. I was very glad to be present at this artistic event, which brought the audience to its feet and gave Makarova and Nagy six curtain calls.

The last performance I saw was on Saturday night and consisted of three short pieces: *Les Patineurs*, *A Soldier's Tale* and *Etudes*. *Les Patineurs* (The Skaters) was choreographed to simulate the movements associated with ice skating. The wintery set and artificial snow were nicely conceived, but the piece itself just didn't make it.

Once the dancers had convinced us that they were skating, and fell on their bottoms a few times, there was nothing more to do. The movement was clever, but highly contrived. I became uncomfortable and began to wish they would stop sliding around and stand up and dance. The work was mainly a showcase for Michael Smuin's brilliant acrobatics. His giant leaps are amazing, and his precise turns went on for so long, it was hard to believe he wasn't actually on the ice.

A Soldier's Tale was based on the Suite (all musical) version of Stravinsky's narrative composition. Here again, there was some problem with the orchestra.

Daniel Levins, as the Soldier, was superb. Very unassuming in appearance he burst out with violent and powerful dancing. His very erotic (very erotic) scene with the two whores, played by Sallie Wilson and Paula Tracy, was very controlled jazz dance, but with lots of soul. William Carter's slimy characterization of the pimp was the perfect contrast to Levins' jumpy, frustrated movements as the innocent Soldier.

Eliot Feld's choreography of the platoon of soldiers was highly creative, and executed to grueling perfection. They dove at the floor and slid on their stomachs in a good representation of what it must feel like to be a soldier. The piece ended with all the soldiers dead and the prostitutes and pimp looting their bodies. It took a few shocked seconds for the audience to applaud, and a comment near me ("It's a pity they call *that* ballet") made me glad ABT brought this production to Houston.

The last piece on the program was *Etudes*, a study of ballet technique from beginning to virtuosic. This was done entirely in black and white costumes with interesting lighting effects. The focus of the choreography was on simultaneous contrasting movements of many small groups of dancers, especially of the arms and legs. The beginning and climax of the piece kept my interest, but in general *Etudes* lacked unity and was too long.

Lead dancers were Cynthia Gregory, Ted Kevitt and Ivan Nagy, who danced very well, but who were limited by what I felt to be unimaginative choreography. Far more interesting than the solo dancers was the corps de ballet whose synchronized movements gave the impression of a giant Swiss clock. The last 30 seconds of ensemble saved the piece and brought at least some of the audience to its feet.

Photos by Kenn Duncan

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
HOUSTON, TEXAS
PERMIT NO. 9353

DENNIS & JUDY FITZGERALD
4278 24TH ST
SAN FRANCISCO
CA 94110